# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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## SHE WAS WITH US IN THE MORNING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CARRIE MYER.

She was with us in the morning—
  A presence ever bright—
We felt that on our pathway
  Could fall no sweeter light
Than that which streamed around her,
  The patient and the mild—
The true and gifted woman—
  The simple, artless child!

She was with us in the morning!
  A being full of life—
A fay diffusing gladness—
  A spirit ever rife
With hope and love, the dearest
  That unto earth is given—
Sole sunlight of the weary,
  On rocky islands driven.

She was with us in the morning—
  At noon, in silence deep,
She bowed her fair head meekly
  And said that she must sleep—
That in another morning,
  The King, whose gentle hand
Had been her guide, would wake her,
  And lead her to His land.

She was with us in the morning!
  At night alone we wept,
For the stillness which had fallen
  Upon her as she slept.
Long we sat in darkness, musing
  Of her virtues o'er and o'er—
Saying in our bitter anguish,
  "She is household light no more!"

## Original Novelet.

# FOUR IN HAND;

OR,

# THE BEQUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

### CHAPTER IX.

THE WILL—THE HEIR.

The funeral of the master of Wytham Court was over, and the relatives of the deceased who had all remained to join in the last sad offices, were now assembled in the library, to hear the reading of the will.

It was generally supposed from the extraordinary favor and affection which Mr. Coniston had of late testified toward his grand-niece, Vesta Lancaster, that the larger portion of his fortune would be left to her—and she was already looked upon as a great heiress. After her, the prospects of Sir Ralph Coniston and his family were considered the best. As for Mr. Philip Coniston, landscape-painter, he was scarcely thought of save as a young dependent, who had hopes of a trifling legacy.

It was a strange and sombre, if not altogether a sorrowful company. All wore the outward show of mourning, the "sable livery" of death, and a mist of decent solemnity, but few hearts were cast down with a heavy sense of bereavement—few faithful memories lingered yearningly about the dark and narrow tenement in which they had left their generous kinsman. Sorrow failed to unite these various dissimilar natures, as for a brief time, pleasure had united them; suspicions, jealousies and selfish desires stirred up the gall in their kindred blood, and separated heart from heart more widely than of old.

Philip was seated by the side of his mother, in the circle surrounding the table at which sat the lawyer who was to read the will. At the right of Philip sat Vesta, near a window, without the circle, and wholly hidden from Philip's view by the portly figures of Sir Ralph and Lady Coniston. Had it been otherwise—had she sat where her Cousin Philip could have seen her face and observed its varying expressions, that chance might have had a most important influence upon the destiny of both.

In a dry, professional tone, the man of the Law proceeded with his task, apparently unmindful of the excitement and astonishment created by his measured, monotonous reading.

All save two, of the heirs, known and presumptive, of that goodly company of cousins, down to the fifth remove, were disappointed and dissatisfied—yet not one had been overlooked. All had been kindly remembered, in legacies proportioned to the supposed needs of each—not regulated by the personal regard of the testator. There had been no respecting of persons. Sir Ralph Coniston, Bart., received no more than his youngest son, a wild, high-spirited little lad, destined to the church—and less than the widow of his younger brother, Captain Philip Coniston. The tenants and retainers—in particular, household servants and the Yorkshire miners, were all kindly and generously remembered. Munificent bequests were made to several Charities, the objects and management of which Mr. Coniston had very closely and carefully investigated. To the great astonishment of all, Vesta Lancaster was to receive only a mourning ring, and a certain pure-blooded Arabian mare, which she had ridden since her coming to reside at Keswick, and had expressed a fondness for;—but to the boundless amazement of all, the bulk of the nabob's fortune, including the estate of Wytham Court—a house in London—the mines in Yorkshire, and all the personal property of the deceased was left to his dear grand-nephew, Philip Coniston, artist—on condition that he should abandon art, *as a profession*—i. e., the making of pictures for exhibition, or sale, for five years to come,—and on further condition that he should for that entire period of time, follow faithfully his great uncle's good and healthy custom of daily exercise—namely, by driving in an open barouche, *four-in-hand*, for two hours of the morning, through all seasons, in all weather. All pleasure-jaunts, all journeys not made imperative by matters of life and death, to be taken in the same manner. The penalty for the omission of this daily duty, for any other cause than positive illness, or the necessity of a sea-voyage, certified to by a medical man, would be the forfeiture of the entire property, which would in such case, pass, without reservation, to Vesta Lancaster—failing her, to be equally divided between the sons of Sir Ralph Coniston, Bart.

A silence of utter, blank astonishment succeeded the reading of this singular will. It was first broken by Sir Ralph Coniston, who, with ill-disguised anger and disappointment, exclaimed—

"Well, this is the most extraordinary testament I have ever listened to! It is incredible that a man in his right mind could write or dictate such an instrument. When, may I ask, was it drawn up, Mr. Henshaw?"

"This particular will was executed just a week ago to-day, Sir Ralph. Mr. Coniston summoned me rather suddenly to draw it up. He had had a slight paralytic shock, which he feared might be premonitory of something more serious, as unhappily it proved to be. I think, however, Sir Ralph, that there can be no reasonable doubt but that the deceased was in full possession of his excellent mental faculties at the time—indeed we have here Dr. Grey's testimony to the fact."

"Ah, well, sir, it may be so—it may be so. Mr. Hugh Coniston was the most eccentric, the most whimsical, the most unaccountable of men. I ought not to be surprised at any absurdity from him."

At this moment, the attention of the company was drawn to Mrs. Coniston, whom Philip was assisting from the room, in an almost fainting condition. The excitement, anxiety and grief of the past week, the solemn duties and mournful ceremonials had worn upon her gentle spirit, and the sudden, wholly unlooked-for announcement of the great fortune which had fallen to her beloved son, quite overcame her,—or perhaps like a sensitive flower, she wilted under the hot glare of the envious and angry glances directed toward her and the pale young student at her side.

Philip supported his mother to her chamber, and seating himself beside her, held her tenderly in his arms, while the good housekeeper applied some simple restoratives, which soon brought back the fugitive color to blanched cheeks and lips. But the faintness was succeeded by a fit of violent hysterical weeping, far more distressing and alarming to Philip.

"Mother, dearest mother!" he cried, "do try to calm yourself. Why do you weep so passionately? Surely our good Uncle Hugh did not mean to cause you such distress."

"Ah, no,—but it seems so strange, so strange. Tell me, my son, is it true, or am I dreaming—raving in a fever dream? Are *you* the heir, my Philip?"

"I believe it is quite true, dearest mother. I suppose that I am the master of Wytham Court, and a rich man," replied Philip, in a tone of unnatural calmness, almost of indifference, for he was quite stunned by the sudden change in his poor fortunes. "Are you better now, mother?"

"Yes,—but not strong. Stay with me awhile longer—I cannot face those eyes again. They made me shudder;—they were like the eyes of hungry, disappointed beasts. I think now, it is well they *are* disappointed. Our friend knew best. Dear Uncle Hugh!—if he can see my heart now, he will understand its conflicting emotions, all its mortal and maternal weakness—he will accept the gratitude and forgive the joy!"

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Scarcely had Philip Coniston left the library, in his dutiful attendance on his mother, than the storm of anger, envy and all manner of ill-feeling broke forth and raged without restraint. He was called various names, more or less uncomplimentary, among which "manager," "flatterer," "intriguer" and "toady," were most prominent and *prononcé*. He was accused of having cunningly and systematically played upon the weakness of a fond and foolish old man, for his own aggrandizement, and to the injury of his relatives and benefactors.

"Such ingratitude as that young man has exhibited," said Sir Ralph, addressing his second cousin, a young guardsman, "I confess, sir, I have never before encountered."

"Aw—yas—I think I have heard that this young painter was once a sort of *protegé* of yours, Sir Ralph."

"Yes, I adopted him—gave him the education of a gentleman—and treated him as a son—as a son, sir."

"But I knew that no good would ever come of taking him in," said Lady Elinor. "He had too much low, intriguing blood in his veins—his associations were too hopelessly plebeian. It really reminds one of the old fable of somebody who found a frozen something, viper, or scorpion, in a hedge, took it home, warmed it at his fireside, and was stung for his pains."

"Such d——d dishonorable principles as the fellow has shown!—I always knew he was a sneak," said the heir of Coniston Hall, fiercely twirling his moustache.

"For shame, Cousin Harold!" cried Vesta Lancaster, unable longer to control her indignation. At this exclamation, the eyes of the company were turned upon her, with looks of surprise and inquiry. She certainly was one of the wronged, and should make common cause against the treacherous enemy. Feeling that there was insult in the looks which plainly said all this, she rose abruptly and retired to the embrasure of the window, burning with noble anger, and little imagining how her emotion and her fearless demonstration would be interpreted.

"Ah, 'sets the wind in that quarter?'" bethought each shrewd observer. "The girl is wise and we are fools. She will keep on the sunny side of the new lord of Wytham Court, and laugh at our impotent raving. We must see to this."

So it came to pass that when Philip returned to the library, with his face made up to encounter scowls and sneers—angry reproaches, or insulting insinuations, he found himself surrounded by most of his kinsfolk, proffering their tardy congratulations, with a specious show of sincerity and kindly feeling. The young heir had seen quite enough during the reading of the will, and heard enough immediately after, to be fully aware of the real state of feeling. He, however, received their hypocritical assertions of joy in his good fortune, and their offers of personal friendship in a manner somewhat too equivocal. It was now haughty to superciliousness—now cynical, almost sinister, instead of being marked by true dignity, and a simple, manly pride. He despised with all his soul the transparent hypocrisy of his kinsfolk, yet had a sort of wicked enjoyment of their servility.

Vesta observed this manner, and was almost as much shocked by it, as by the falsehood and fawning which called it forth. She felt that it would have deeply pained the tender and generous heart of the good old man, who was gone, and she was bitterly disappointed that Philip had missed such an opportunity of showing himself really great—one of God's nobles.

"Alas, he is not my hero after all," she said to herself; "he is not large-hearted, not magnanimous. He actually seems to take pleasure in the saddest of mortal sights—the self abasement of humanity. But he shall not see me hastening to pay him court—he shall not try his fine, new, supercilious airs upon me"—and she turned her face quite away from the company, and appeared absorbed in gazing out of the window into the leafless shrubberies. Seeing that she did not advance to bid him joy, she of whose sincere sympathy he now felt no doubt, Philip approached her, with a new, intoxicating sense of equality, perhaps of superiority, banishing all shyness, all coldness from his mien; the long disowned and dethroned passion of his boyhood triumphant, regnant in his glance, in his smile.

Vesta continued to gaze out of the window, even after her cousin stood at her side. After a moment's surprised hesitation, he spoke, with a little tremble of the old reverence in his voice—

"Has Miss Lancaster, of all my dear kinsfolk, no word of kindly congratulation for me?"

Vesta, without changing her position in the slightest, replied in a low voice, with a passage of Scripture, absently and apparently unconsciously recited—

"And all the King's servants that were in the King's gate, bowed and reverenced Haman; for the King had so commanded concerning him. But Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence."

Then turning and courtesying, she said quietly and distinctly—"Ah, yes, certainly—I wish the new master of Wytham Court much joy in his houses and lands, in his horses and hounds—in his four-in-hand turn-out, and the daily drives, 'written in the bond'—all the joy which such things can bring, and grace so to reign that not the poorest vassal may ever wish the good old master back again."

A little involuntary laugh from some one of the company, followed Vesta's unexpected words. Laugh and words stung Philip's proud soul to the quick. Strangely enough, he had up to this moment, scarcely thought of the singular conditions of his uncle's munificent bequest, but henceforth, they assumed a hard and hateful character to him. They shackled him, weighed upon him, tortured him. The memory of them shadowed his brightest day, and filled his dreams even with weariness and discontent.

Vesta had not meant to wound him so deeply—indeed she was hardly conscious that he was wounded at all, as, his pride coming instantly to the rescue, he returned her stately courtesy with a profound bow, and with a few cool, half-jesting words, left her, and with the utmost apparent unconcern, resumed a conversation, rather abruptly broken off, with his dull cousin, Hubert.

Philip had cruelly misunderstood the spirit in which his cousin had spoken. Her one had indeed been at the beginning, somewhat bitter, yet sad, and at the last, grave and earnest. "To the manner born," she really could see little cause for joy or pride in Philip's sudden uplift in fortune and social influence, but much, occasion for anxiety, a noble humility and above all, a thorough manliness.

But in his morbid and distrustful state of feeling, Philip saw only mockery and defiance in words and tone, and ascribed it all to the disappointment of selfish hopes and ambitions.

"She is too proud and passionate, too independent of me, to conciliate, or dissemble," he thought, 'and she doubtless believed herself, as others believed her, the heiress of Wytham Court. I would to Heaven it were hers, to-day, and that I had back my old boyish ideal! I would hug that and poverty to my heart together."

Thenceforward, throughout Vesta's brief stay at Wytham Court, Philip's manner toward her was one of careful and ceremonious respect; while Vesta's manner towards him was cold, but not unfriendly—"frosty, but kindly," very quiet and reticent. Yet each heart was secretly troubled and remorseful, rebelling against this unnatural antagonism and estrangement—blindly yearning toward reconcilement, trust and peace. It was then that they needed a mediator, wise and loving. Mrs. Coniston continued ill from nervous prostration, or a word of gentle counsel and remonstrance from her persuasive lips might even then have reconciled and reunited them, with more than the old confidence and dear regard. Not being able to leave her apartments, Mrs. Coniston scarcely saw the cousins for a moment together, and suspected nothing of the coldness between them.

Vesta parted from her aunt affectionately, though with a calmness to which she had schooled herself—but ere she reached the door, she turned suddenly, ran back, and flinging herself on Amy's breast, wept passionately.

"Don't, don't my darling, grieve so—you will come to us often—will you not?" said Mrs. Coniston, innocently.

Vesta's half-hidden face grew very red, not alone with weeping; and Philip grew pale with suppressed emotion, awaiting her answer. She gave none. Silently kissing the pale cheek, wet with sympathetic tears, she again withdrew from her aunt's embrace, dropped her veil and passed from the room. In the hall, she took her cousin's arm, but said no word till she spoke her brief farewell, at the steps of her carriage. When Philip saw her whirled away into the world, in the flush of youth and beauty, his feeling was strangely like that with which, but a few short days before, he had beheld the moving away of the slow, melancholy hearse, bearing his aged uncle to his last rest.

Miss Lancaster went southward—returning to her place in the family of the Earl of Egerton,—and the other guests departed to their several homes—all expressing at the last, more kindly feeling for the master of Wytham Court, than the idol of his boyish romance, the ideal of his dreamy and morbid youth, had shown in the parting, when her last look had come to him struggling through a mourning veil, too symbolical of the dark, obstructing cloud of misunderstanding and proud reserve, which hid heart from heart.

A week from that merry Christmas Eve Philip and his mother found themselves alone in the great silent house, with shadows of mourning in place of festal lights—the sole remaining members of that goodly company of kindred called together by the kind old man, who had been first to leave.

They sat together before the fire in Mrs. Coniston's luxurious parlor. They had both been silent for many minutes—each heart apparently occupied with its own reflections, memories, or hopes;—but at length, Philip roused himself from his reverie, and assuming a proud and cheery tone, said, taking tenderly his mother's hand—

"Well, mother dear, you have now a home—such a home as in my wildest and fondest dreams I never thought to win for you. And now, you have not me to thank for it. It is won without my toil, or your waiting. Blessed be the memory of Hugh Coniston, for *your* sake, mother."

"And for your own sake as well, and more, my son. What is the comfort secured to the declining years of my life, to the attainment, the influence, the distinction, the power for great good which this fortune makes possible to yours? And surely, Philip, you do not regard those conditions of our uncle's will as too hard for you? Many a fine young man would take pride and pleasure in fulfilling them. By the way, how did you get on with your drive this morning?"

"Awkwardly enough. I was obliged to call upon John for assistance, more than once—not a little to his amusement, I fancy," replied Philip, secretly wincing at the recollection of the patronizing airs of his servant and the curious stares of the Keswick people and his own tenants."

After a brief silence, Amy resumed, in a half playful manner,

"There is but one thing wanting here, Philip—a lady of the manor."

"Why, mother, dear, *you* are the mistress of Wytham Court—one more fair and gracious who could ask?"

"Ah, flatterer, you will find that it needs a younger, gayer life, a brighter presence to banish the silence and shadow from these halls—to add grace and comfort and simple every-day joys to cold, unsatisfying splendor. The mother, if worthy, may sanctify a home—but the wife, if noble, is *the home*. There is one to whom I would willingly resign all household powers and dignities—retaining only the *privileges* which love and duty accord. You surely can guess to whom I refer;—your Cousin—"

"Oh, mother, do not speak of her!" broke in Philip, dropping his face into his hands, with a sudden abandonment to grief and despondency. "It is all over—my foolish, boyish dream. She does not love me—she has quite outlived her childish liking. That is what I meant, mother, when I blessed Uncle Hugh's memory for your sake alone. For myself, I feel poorer than ever before, for until lately, I have cherished in my secret heart, though to myself I denied it, a passionate hope of which you saw the beginning on that sick-bed at Coniston Hall. Yet my sorrow is not alone in my disappointed hope—but that I have been disappointed in Vesta Lancaster. A few years have developed the old hereditary vice of her class—intense selfishness. The taint of worldliness has fallen upon that nature once so healthful, fresh and dewy—cloistered away from the world in its own sweetness and pureness."

"No, Philip, it cannot be so!" exclaimed Mrs. Coniston, warmly; "there is some mistake somewhere. You misunderstand the noble girl; in your almost morbid sensitiveness, you cannot clearly see, or rightly judge her. I don't want to hear your reasons, but I do want you to take a woman's instincts—a mother's. These tell me that Vesta Lancaster is neither selfish nor worldly."

"Pardon me, mother—but I must walk by my own light, and that at present does not throw any magic illumination upon her, nor seem to guide me toward her. There was always 'a gulf set between us'—poetry and romance bridged it with a gossamer texture of dreams, but even these, the breath of a few heartless words has broken and dissipated forever. It is all over I say. Think of her as highly as you will, mother, only 'an' you love me,' avoid speaking her name to me—for a time, at least—What a fine portrait that is of Uncle Hugh, over the mantel!—dear Uncle Hugh, who meant so kindly by us all!"

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### CHAPTER X.

THE CONDITIONS—VIOLETTA.

Philip Coniston spent the first year of his proprietorship upon his estates, conscientiously, rather than *heartily*, striving to carry out his deceased kinsman's benevolent wishes and enterprises. In his uncle's private desk, he had found a letter addressed to himself, detailing those plans, and earnestly commending them to his young heir. "I leave you, dear Philip," ran a passage in that letter, "a far richer heritage than houses and lands, mines and bank-stock—*my poor*—the eloquent gratitude of their happiness and well-doing, the sure reward in your own soul, both here and hereafter."

Philip early sent for his friend, Dr. Gregory, who had some time before finished his tutorship at Coniston Hall, and appointed him his confidential agent in executing the educational plans of the nabob. But gradually, as he remarked the rare ability and hearty zeal of his former tutor in the work to which he himself had been called, but to which he brought fitful sympathies and undisciplined energies—he laid care after care on that broad, generous heart—threw duty after duty into those ready, helping hands, till at last, he stood virtually free of the sacred obligations so solemnly imposed upon him—self-despoiled of the divinest privileges of his noble inheritance.

The young master of Wytham Court kept up, though often sorely against his inclinations, the hospitable customs of his predecessor, and was generally liked and respected, though his manner was somewhat too reserved and cold for provincial society. He had always been in his humbler days, quiet and shy to a degree, but wise people marveled that such a sun burst of fortune had not transformed life before him, and him with life.

Philip Coniston at last beheld his idolized mother permanently established in the social position for which she was by nature so eminently fitted, but found that her elevation scarcely brought him all the proud happiness he had counted upon. The first passionate desire of his heart was fulfilled—but he felt little sense of triumph for her, none for himself, who had earned none. He found that the stamp of the great world added nothing to the dignity or dearness of the beloved one—found even that the forced recognition of her equality with the wealthy and high-born, came often with a sting in it.

Not only had the most aristocratic visitors at Wytham Court to accept as its mistress the apothecary's daughter, but the old apothecary himself and his good wife, as members of the household—they having early left Woolham for the new home of their daughter and grandson, to which they were cordially invited.

One of the first luxuries which Philip allowed himself, was the payment to his uncle, the baronet, with more than lawful interest, of the cost of his education at Coniston Hall and the University. He had a peculiar pride in including in this sum the proceeds of the sale of his two pictures—the only actual earnings of his life.

Sir Ralph received the check in a courteous, matter-of-course way, saying in his acknowledgment, that he supposed the freedom from this slight obligation was a pleasure which he had no right to deny his fortunate young kinsman.

A decent degree of intercourse between the two families was still maintained—nothing more. Formal, unfrequent visits were exchanged, after each of which both host and guests breathed more freely, and inwardly exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, it is over!"

At length, getting weary beyond endurance of the quiet pleasures which were no pleasures to his brooding dissatisfied spirit, of the routine of duties for which he had no heart, even of the aspects of country-life, which he no longer beheld with "the fine eye" of the poet and the painter, Philip Coniston went up to London and opened his house there for a time. He saw little or no fashionable society. His guests were principally men of distinction in literature, or art, whose acquaintance he now sought almost as hesitatingly as he would have done in his poor-student days, but somewhat more successfully, perhaps.

Philip's house was in the immediate neighborhood of the late Lady Egerton's town residence, now Vesta Lancaster's, and Philip casually heard that the young heiress was intending shortly to take possession of it, and reside in it independently, after the way best suited to her proud, non-conforming spirit. Philip might some time before have learned this plan, and many other things concerning his cousin, from her faithful friend and correspondent, his mother. But Mrs. Coniston carefully obeyed his injunction, often to his secret chagrin, and refrained from speaking the abjured, beloved, interdicted, longed-for name.

There are those who will remember a handsome misanthropic young man, who without any look of "fastness," or high fashion, without any air of display, or enjoyment, might daily be seen driving his unapproachable bays four-in-hand, through the parks of London, or out on the breezy heaths and heights of Hampstead, and Highgate, and Richmond, the envy of less fortunate young bloods, the admiration of fair ladies—yet all the while looking about as thoroughly disgusted and lugubrious as any luckless young highwayman, on his last cart-and-one-horse-drive to Tyburn.

But however the spirit chafed and rebelled, the physical man thrived and waxed vigorous. Philip could not deny to himself that he had gained marvellously in manly strength and beauty during his period of charioteering. He had not only thriven on the reviving breath of Spring, on the affluent life of Summer, on the lusty strength of Autumn, but had wrung vitality from the killing frosts of Winter—rich, red blood from the pale mists of November. His scholarly stoop was gone, his paleness, his languor. He was no longer "interesting" in the eyes of poetical young ladies, medical men and undertakers. He now felt, at times, a world of untaxed energies beginning to awake and struggle blindly within him. To set free, inspire, direct these he needed only a purpose, hope, love. Perhaps the last would have comprehended the others.

Philip tired of London sooner than he had tired of the country, and suddenly resolved to go abroad. He would be less gazed at, less gossipped about, less annoyed and disturbed every way, on the continent, where there was greater social liberality, and where all sorts of individual eccentricities and absurdities were freely tolerated.

He took leave of his mother by letter. "I would run down to see you, and make my adieux in person," he said, "but how can I run down! The thought of repeating those tedious drives so soon is unendurable to me. I must try new scenes. Oh, that insane provision of my uncle's will! It is slavery by day—by night a frightful quadruplication of nightmares. *It* more than anything else drives me from England. Our Cousin Harold is in town, and watches me always. I well know that he had his spies about Wytham Court. Having no sense of honor himself, and knowing how I hate my daily penance, he hopes to find me letting some happy day slip by without my having performed it. Then, Miss Lancaster may yet dutifully fall in with the family plans for her happiness, and marry her fat kinsman—so he may get the pound of flesh *and* the ducats. As she is about coming to town, he will probably not leave at once, even to dog me, and if he sets his spies on me, I will lead them a pretty chase—for I will drive over Europe like the furious spook of Jehu, the son of Nimshi."

Philip Coniston spent more than three years on the continent, and the islands of the Mediterranean. His elegant four-in-hand turn-out was seen in the Champs Elysées, in the Bois de Boulogne, in the Cascini at Florence, in the Linden Strass at Berlin, in the Prater at Vienna, about the ramparts of Lucca and Milan, on the Pincio, at Rome, on the hills of Genoa, in the Prado at Madrid, in the Strado di Toledo of Naples, even at the entrance of the street of Tombs at Pompeii.

It seemed that the demon of unrest had possession of the young Englishman. He went everywhere that he could be admitted with his cumbrous equipage. He even spent a month in Venice, keeping his horses and barouche at Lido, where Byron went to ride,—making daily trips thither in his gondola to take his solemn, solitary drives.

During the last winter of his stay in Italy, Philip enjoyed the companionship of his mother, who joined him at Rome. He had written from thence—"Come, dearest mother, to light for me the divine gloom of the eternal city—to lighten the oppression of her sublime and awful memories—come to share my highest pleasures, and to fill your own soul, insatiable of beauty, with the immortal forms and transcendent colors of the old masters."

To this letter was appended a characteristic postscript—"I have just been to the Rospigliosi, to see Guido's Aurora. It is a fresco on the roof of the Casino, a sort of summer house in the garden of the palace. It is a wonderful picture of a dawn in the time of the gods—all effulgence, freshness, bloom and fragrance. It rains down golden light. One can hardly believe that it can ever be night in that room. The Aurora was born of the morning air, as Venus of the sea—her hair drips dews instead of spray, her hands drop roses instead of pearls. But my sympathies are with that poor devil of an Apollo, compelled to drive four-in-hand. In a gallop of centuries, in an immovable whirl of wheels, a fixed flutter of drapery, a stationary hurry, a swift pause—never overtaking beautiful Aurora, never getting on, never getting down from the box!"

Mrs. Coniston spent three months at Rome. The season was unusually mild—day after day, week after week, deliciously sunny and balmy. Winter came, as usual, to the Sabine Hills, and pitched his white tents on their summits, but ventured no farther. But just as the spring came, the eager, prodigal Italian spring, which hurries out her sweet days and ravishing blooms as a nightingale her swift delicious notes—just as the gardens of the *Borghese* and the *Pamfili Doria* were most heavenly with violets and anemonies, and even the desolate, forsaken Campagna was brightened with bosts of lovely wild flowers, coming like tokens of God's remembrance, Amy was called home, to attend the sick-bed of her father. "Mr. Maxwell," wrote the physician, "has been very seriously ill—he is now, we hope, convalescing, but he has expressed a strong desire to see you, and perhaps you had better return to England at once, if convenient."

Philip would gladly have accompanied his mother, but as this could hardly be called "a case of life and death," he felt bound to take the journey more leisurely, "according to the bond." On his arrival in London, letters informed him that his good old grandfather was no more. He had been two weeks dead.

Resolving to set out on the following morning for the north, Philip laid down his mother's last sad letter, and ordered his horses for a drive in Hyde Park.

He returned from this drive weary and strangely sad. He had not happened to see a familiar face in all the gay crowd which poured in and out of the Park that lovely May afternoon, and in the metropolis of his native land he felt more utterly alone than he had ever felt amid the ruins of Rome and Athens, the mournful, dead gaiety of Pompeii, or the watery desolation of Venice. As he neared his own house, he was startled out of the emotionless, purposeless life of the *cause*, and hurled back into the season of youthful aspirations and passions, by suddenly meeting Vesta Lancaster. She was on horseback, riding rapidly, alone, followed by a groom. She recognized her cousin, as she passed, and a flash of irrepressible joy irradiated her face, paler and sadder than of old, yet to Philip's eyes, more than ever beautiful and noble. He could not resist the inclination to turn and look after her. He did so without checking his horses, which he was driving at an unusually dashing rate. Just at this moment, he was about passing a little crowd, collected around a street musician, a sweet-voiced guitar-player, in a picturesque Italian dress, who stood at a corner of the street, leaning wearily against a tree. Suddenly, as the singer, a beautiful young girl, scarcely more than a child, caught sight of Philip's singular equipage, and of him, she flung down her guitar, and with a cry of passionate joy, darted through the crowd into the street, in front of the horses, as though with the mad idea of intercepting them. In a moment, before Philip was aware of her danger, she was down, under the trampling hoofs of the leaders. Then with, it seemed, a single bound, Philip was at their heads. Grasping their bits, he hurled them backward, with almost superhuman strength, and extricated the young girl, bruised, bleeding and insensible. He lifted her in his arms and bore her to the sidewalk. As he did so, he first caught sight of her face.

"My God, Violetta!" he exclaimed—"have I then killed you, my poor child, with my cursed Juggernaut!" (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1858.

**All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.**

### TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs:—

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

PREPARING FOR WAR.—The House of Representatives has negatived the Fortification Bill, which does not look as if the members anticipated a war. If there is any danger of a conflict, the strengthening of the coast defences should be the very first thing attended to. We who live near the sea-coast, have a vital interest in this matter. Delaware Bay is quite near enough for a British fleet to come, to be at all pleasant to us. And seriously, if Congress is bent in the least on a war with England, an appropriation of a hundred millions, to repair forts, build new vessels, &c., is the very least that would possibly do—and that would only answer for a beginning. We hate to hear statesmen blustering about war, if they are not in earnest—and if our rulers are in earnest, let them show it by their appropriations. A war with England is a matter of some hundreds of millions of dollars, to say the least.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 188—Adults 86, and children 102.

### THE STATE CANALS.

*We quote the following from the money article of the Ledger, of this city:—*

Trouble, it seems, has already commenced in reference to the re-sale of the State canals by the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company. On Tuesday night last, it is understood, the Railroad Company sold the North Branch Division to an association of gentlemen, some of whom reside on the line of the canal, and others in this city and at New York, for *one million and a half dollars!* the payment being secured, as we are informed, by a lien on the works themselves. This sale is contested by another association of capitalists, who have been in treaty for the same works, and who allege that they offered the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company half a million more than the sum for which they have been sold, namely—*two millions of dollars;* one hundred thousand dollars in cash, one hundred thousand dollars annually for five years, and fourteen hundred thousand dollars, secured by lien on the line of the works. The result of this disappointment by the two million party, has been an application to the Courts for an injunction restraining any further action in the premises until the parties be heard in open Court on the merits of the complaint. On the application of Wm. M. Meredith and St. George Tucker Campbell, Esqrs., Judges Sharswood and Hare have granted the application and fixed the 7th of June next for the argument on the validity of the alleged sale. We have not the law of the Legislature authorizing the conveyance of the canals to the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company now before us, but, if we remember rightly, it stipulates that if a greater sum than $3,500,000 is realized by the Company for all the canals, 75 per cent., or some specified proportion of the excess shall go to the State. To prevent there being any excess, collusion is alleged between the buyers and the sellers, hence this application for an injunction.

If the above account be correct—and we have reasons for believing that it is so, to the very letter—the Directors of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad are acting, to say the least, in a very *peculiar* manner, both as relates to the interests of their own stockholders, and of the people of the State at large. A Board of Directors, having something to sell, absolutely refusing to take half-a-million of dollars more for it—from parties able to pay a proportion of cash—is surely one of the strange things under the sun: granting the perfect purity of their motives, what *wise* men they must be in their day and generation. Surely, if the Sunbury and Erie Road is to be built, they are the men to build it. We suppose we shall next hear of their giving out the work upon the line of the road to the contractors making the worst bids for it. This, whatever else it might be, would be consistent.

But the State also has an interest in this matter. If the canals bring more than $3,500,000, three-fourths of the excess goes into the State Treasury. Considering that the public debt is now about $30,000,000, the interest of which has to be paid *yearly* by taxation, every tax-payer in the State has an interest in the action of the Directors of the Sunbury and Erie Road. If they propose to sell out the Canals on the new principle—for which we hope they have taken out a patent-right—of giving the preference to the *lowest* bidders, we think the authorities of the State should have something to say in the matter. That Judges Sharswood and Hare think so too, seems to be an inference from their prompt action in the case. We are a little curious to learn what the Directors of the Sunbury and Erie Road propose to say in their defence.

### THE MASSACRES IN INDIA.

The general massacre of English women and children in India—a fact which has been denied—seems to be almost conclusively established by an official statement, recently published, which gives the names of all who have perished by murder, in action, or by disease in the rebellion which has raged for the last twelve months in India. The *London Times says:*—

> In short, wherever we learn anything of the details of these frightful acts, the perpetrators seem to have committed them without the slightest pity for age or sex, or the slightest regard for any benefit received. After glancing over this return, containing seventy-two pages full of the names of those who have suffered at the hands of a treacherous and cruel enemy, one can hardly believe it possible that here at home, in the midst of newspapers and Parliamentary debates, a few persons should have the hardihood to stand up for the comparative innocence of the Sepoy, and with an irritating perversity to declare that the narratives of Asiatic malignity and cruelty are exaggerated, highly colored, got up for effect, purely mythical, and so on. If anything could add to the frenzy which is said to possess our people in the East, it would be the news that a clique at home is bent on denying what everybody on the spot knows to be true. * * * The occupations of the victims are various. Missionaries of the most diverse creeds met a common fate; Anglican clergymen, Baptists, Wesleyans, and a Roman Catholic priest, are returned among the slain. Telegraph agents, private traders, persons connected with the college, all alike perished.
>
> In the first outbreak at Gwalior, Indore, and Mhow, about twenty-six women and children were slain—at the Delhi Magazine, twenty-five children are "reported murdered"—at Delhi, "forty women and fifty-four children were "murdered"—at Cawnpore, in the first massacre of the 27th of June, fifty-five ladies are represented to have perished, besides "the whole of the married women, and children of her Majesty's 32d Foot," and "all the married women, and children of the 1st company, 6th battalion, artillery." At the same place, in the awful massacre of the 16th of July, not far from 800 were murdered, residents, soldiers, &c., of whom there were the usual proportion of women and children.

It may be asserted that these women and children—many of them—were neither murdered nor maltreated, but are now held as prisoners in respectful captivity, by the Sepoys. There is the barest possibility of such being the truth—no reasonable probability of it. The course of time, however, will settle this sad question of Sepoy mercy or Sepoy cruelty, one way or the other, beyond a peradventure.

IS THAT SO?—The Baptist Examiner says that 50 per cent. of the money raised for charitable and religious purposes, is used in "office expenses," in paying the salaries of those who collect the money.

We do not wonder that the exchange from which we cut the above, heads it, "Is that so?" If it be not so—as we take for granted—it should be immediately shown to be an error, for it would have, and ought to have, if true, a very disastrous effect upon the various collections for "charitable and religious purposes."

### THE PROGRESS OF CORRUPTION.

The report of the Committee of the House of Representatives, appointed to investigate the charges of corruption growing out of the exposure of the business of Lawrence, Stone & Co., of Boston, does not criminate any member of either House of Congress. Wolcott, their agent, either appropriated the principal part of the money himself—or, if he paid away any to members of Congress, which is most probable, carefully "covered the tracks." The Committee suppose that the larger portion of the money may now be found invested in the banking business of Gardner, Wolcott & Co., of Boston—the Gardner of the above firm, being Ex-Governor Gardner, of Massachusetts.

The principal parties who received money from Wolcott for aiding in the passage of the Tariff Bill, were:—

Mr. Thurlow Weed, of Albany, a distinguished Republican politician, who received $5,000 for "collecting statistics and using arguments with members, in favor of the measure."

Mr. Stone, editor of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, a Democratic and "highly respectable" *Free Trade* paper, who received $3,500—also, we believe, for collecting statistics, writing pamphlets, &c.

J. N. Reynolds, President of the American Council of the City of New York, who received $1,500 for the purpose of getting up resolutions in favor of the measure, and procuring their passage through the Councils of the American party, &c., &c.

A. B. Corbin, of Washington, clerk to the Committee of Claims of the House of Representatives (since resigned,) who, in accordance with Mr. Stone's "understanding with him," received $1,000.

And George Ashmun (formerly a leading Whig politician), who received $4,000—leaving quite a large margin out of the $87,000 raised by Lawrence, Stone & Co., and the $13,000 raised in other quarters—for Mr. Wolcott, or Mr. Wolcott and others.

The Committee justly say in their report, in allusion to Messrs. Weed and Stone:—

> It is proper for us to say that at the time Mr. Weed was not the publisher of a newspaper, that he held no office, and that his personal exertions and personal and political influence alone were sought for or obtained. But it is also true that, perhaps, no man in the country exerted a larger or more controlling influence over the Republican party than Mr. Weed.
>
> When such men as Mr. Stone, of the Journal of Commerce, and Mr. Weed, are employed to "collect statistics," and write newspaper articles, everybody knows that it is not the labor which they perform, but the weight and influence of their name and character, which is the main consideration for the money which is paid them. These gentlemen have violated no law in receiving the money paid them, nor do the Committee claim any right, either for themselves or the House, to pass any judgment of condemnation or approval upon their conduct. The facts are submitted to the judgment of an intelligent public, to whom alone they are responsible.
>
> The evidence taken by the Committee shows that two members of the last Congress had some dealings with Lawrence, Stone & Co., before the commencement of the last session of Congress, which had no connection with the passage of the tariff. It really had no connection with the matter referred to the Committee, and would have been omitted in the report of the evidence, if they had felt at liberty to omit any part of the evidence which they have taken. And as newspaper rumors have been in circulation which greatly pervert the evidence, the Committee deem it due to these gentlemen that the evidence should be reported, and with it the unanimous opinion of the Committee that there is nothing in the proof calculated to throw a shadow of suspicion upon them.

That Mr. Wolcott received the whole of the large balance not accounted for in the above report, we greatly doubt. Mr. Wolcott has not been very severely dealt with by the House of Representatives. Committed to prison for refusing to testify, he was released by a vote of the House, and handed over to the Judicial authorities of the District. He was allowed by them to go free, on the merely nominal bail of $2,000. On the calling up of his case for the third time on May 28th, Mr. Wolcott failing to appear, "on account of sickness in his family," the bail was declared forfeited. Probably that is the last we shall hear of the matter.

In conclusion, we may say, that this case, the recent shameful corruption in Wisconsin, and other matters which have come to our knowledge, go to prove the existence of a general venality in the leaders of *all* the political parties of the day, which, if not corrected, must inevitably result in the ultimate ruin of the Republic. Within the last ten years, the progress has been rapid from bad to worse. Our charge is against no one party—it is against *all* parties. The only remedy is, for the people to select the ablest and the *most honest* men they can find, to fill the offices of the country. If they will not do this, or are not competent as a body to do it, the downfall of our present institutions is a mere question of time.

THE AGGRESSIONS IN THE GULF.—By an article in our General News, it will be seen that the late hasty reports of the British naval aggressions in the Gulf, have been rather more highly colored than the sober truth would warrant. In the case of the "Clarendon," the story is said to have been concocted to help the stock operations of its owner, who is rumored to be "a noted Bear in Wall street." If this be so, it is infamous that the kindly relations of two great nations should be tampered with, to make or save some thousands of dollars in stock gambling.

THE MORMONS.—Bernhisel, the Mormon delegate, says that he has no doubt that Gov. Cumming will be able to settle the difficulties in Utah. The story of the abandonment of Salt Lake City by the Mormons, is further said to be confirmed—the intention of the leaders being to locate themselves in the Russian dominions. It is further said that an emigration to the island of Papua, in the Indian Ocean, has been suggested to them, and the idea been favorably received. To all of which we say, it may be so.

☞ A lady with four or five years' experience as a teacher, desires to obtain a situation in a school—in town or country—as a teacher of the rudiments of music—or of drawing and painting, in oil and water colors, papier-mache, and other ornamental work, &c. Address the editor of this paper.

THE USURY LAWS.—Governor Packer has signed the bill modifying the Usury Laws of this State. Henceforward lenders and borrowers may contract at any rate of interest they please, without violating the law. No excess of interest over six per cent. per annum, however, can be collected through the Courts; but, on the other hand, if such excess be paid by the borrower, he cannot sue for and recover it, unless the suit be brought within six months from the time of payment. The bill may be considered therefore a kind of compromise, so far as principles are concerned—though its practical effect doubtless will be to lead every lender to get as much interest as he can, and every borrower to pay as little as possible. Our own private opinion of the wisdom of such a law has been expressed upon several occasions—but we are perfectly willing that the experiment of abolishing the Usury Laws should be tried by the community. We wish that the borrowers may find, as many of them seem to expect, that it will *lessen* the rate of interest.

☞ A seam of coal, six feet thick, is reported to have been found in Canada West—at Bowmanville, forty-two miles east of Toronto. Considering that the geologists have stated that, owing to the prevailing formations, no coal could be found in that portion of the world some excitement naturally was produced by the discovery. As we Pennsylvanians had made up our minds to supply all Canada with the best of Anthracite, we are not particularly pleased with the news—and have a notion of prosecuting the geologists for damages. The vein may be only a small one, however—and, be it large or small, it can hardly be considered respectful to science to work it.

THE RAIN.—Up to the 27th, there had been forty rainy days in May and April. In 1786—the yellow fever summer—the same thing occurred, only a little worse—for, for forty-two days, according to "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia," there was a cold north-east storm, and no sight of the sun. The wind this year has been very often from the East and South-East—and the storm therefore did not produce, we think, the usual proportion of colds. In fact, judging from our own observation, the general health has been remarkably good for a rain-storm of such duration. Everybody is quite ready, however, for a sunny "term."

## New Publications.

SPECIMENS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) are collected by his son, Blanchard Jerrold, together with selections from the dead author's writings illustrating his opinions. Here then are those gibes and flashes of merriment which once set the table in a roar, and which still kindle laughter in the mind, despite that subtle subduing sense which softens mirth when Yorick's jests are remembered over Yorick's brown skull. It is not all wit, though, for a great deal is only sharp and tart satire, retort, repartee, irony and invective. Much of it, too, is of the brain; little of the heart. Its brilliancy is most often that of the spar—not that of the sunbeam. Insight, subtlety, fancy, and terse and vivid expression are its characteristics. There are sometimes rays of delicate and kindly humor, but as a general thing the mental effort is to make forked lightning rather than sunshine. There are personal strokes here, too, which seem barbed with flame, and tipped with vitriol. The recent grave and the recorded kindness, chivalry and tender-heartedness of the man, rise to soften objections, but still there is a lesson the exercise of such a faculty affords, which ought not to be forgotten. We suppose many young and talented people will be incited by the perusal of these pages, to the cultivation of their own powers of sarcasm. Such things are a great temptation to talent, and youth loves to fling its bright barbs solely for the luxury of making a hit, careless, too often, of the rights and feelings of the object. But we hope such persons may reflect that a great wit is seldom a loved man, and, recalling the natural generosity and humanity which lent Douglas Jerrold's memory a sweetness and a savor his bitter brilliancy could never have bestowed, agree that in those respects he left the worthier example.

FOLLOWING THE DRUM, by MRS. VIELE, (Rudd & Carleton, New York,) like Harry Gill's teeth in Wordsworth's ballad, goes "chatter, chatter, chatter still." But it is lively and good-natured, and gives a pleasant account of frontier life in Texas and Mexico, where the authoress seems to have gone with her husband in company with the soldiers.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH, by T. B. ALDRICH, (Rudd & Carleton, New York,) is an oriental anecdote cast in the form of a poem. It is rich in fancy, but, we regret to say, is both frivolous and immoral.

MISS PARDOE'S CONFESSIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN, (T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) a clever novel, here appears in a cheap edition.

THE YELLOW FRIGATE, by CAPT. JAMES GRANT, (Dick & Fitzgerald, New York,) is a picturesque and dramatic romance of Scottish history in the time of the third James.

URSULA; A TALE OF COUNTRY LIFE, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is an English novel, by the author of "Amy Herbert," which it is trite, but true, to call very interesting.

THE BANK NOTE REGISTER AND DETECTOR OF COUNTERFEITS, issued by Gwynne & Day, Bankers, New York, commends itself to the attention of Bankers, Brokers, Merchants and the public generally. Its list includes all banks of doubtful solvency or management, and it pledges itself to accurate statements regarding such, uninfluenced by any consideration but the public good.

AN old man named Powhee, living in Green Township, Ohio, told the assessors that he had no money, but the second evening after his house was entered by burglars and robbed of $2,500 in gold and silver, and it afterwards appeared that he had two other sacks of money in a different part of the house which the rogues did not find. The assessors, on learning the fact, assessed the old man for the $2,500.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—Intelligence has been received from Mexico, that Zuloaga had issued an edict declaring all the ports of that country closed to the commerce of other nations.

### BOARDING OF AMERICAN VESSELS BY BRITISH CRUISERS.

By accounts recently published, from the captains of various American vessels, it would appear that the previous statements were somewhat exaggerated.

Thus the captain of the brig S. Thurston, reports that they were visited at Sagua, Cuba, by the second lieutenant of a British gun-boat who requested to see the ship's papers, and asked several questions in relation to the vessel, where she was bound, &c. The captain replied to his questions, but did not show his papers, because they were deposited ashore, as is the custom of all American vessels while in port. The lieutenant remained on board about five minutes, and behaved in a very gentlemanly manner, treating the captain with all proper courtesy and respect. He was armed with a cutlass by his side as were the men in the boat, but no insolence was manifested by any of the party. Captain Lampher states that he did not object to any question asked, nor was he offended by anything connected with the affair, and he believes that to have been the general feeling among the American shipmasters who were visited. The whole matter was treated with unconcern, and only afforded some amusement to the Americans. The indignation was chiefly confined to the shore, among the Spanish officials, who were highly excited, and the captain of the port obtained several affidavits from American captains who had been boarded. Captain Lampher is of opinion that some versions of the above affair which have been published have been somewhat too highly colored.

Captain Bray, of the schooner Marcia Tribou, was twice boarded, once just before entering the port of Sagua, and afterwards while in port on the same day with the other vessels. On the first occasion he was ordered to heave to by the firing of a gun. He immediately hove to, and hoisted his ensign. The boat, which belonged to an English steamer, came alongside, and the commanding officer stepped on board, and asked several questions as to the destination of the vessel, her tonnage, contents of her cargo, &c. All the desired information was given him, and he expressed himself satisfied, and left. He was on board fifteen minutes, and the detention of the vessel altogether was a little short of an hour. Captain Bray says the officer was rather inquisitive, but used no insulting language and his conduct was respectful throughout. The second visit, while in the harbor, is spoken of in similar terms as related by Capt. Lampher, and corresponds with his report. Capt. Bray makes no complaint of the treatment received on either occasion.

THE BRIG SAMUEL CHURCHMAN SPOKEN, BUT NOT BOARDED—MILD TREATMENT.—The New York Herald of Wednesday says, Captain Ankers, of the brig Samuel Churchman, which arrived yesterday morning from Cienfuegos, states that on the 11th ult., when off Havana, he was spoken by one of the British war steamers, the captain of which inquired where he was from, but did not board the brig.

The brig James B. George, Capt. Atwell, of Baltimore, was lately boarded, says the "Sun," in the Gulf by the *United States* steamer Dispatch, and had her papers examined. It is said the commander of the Dispatch mistook her for a slaver, his suspicions being aroused by her rapid sailing qualities.

The captain of the New Era, from Matanzas, says:—On the 18th of April, when on the passage from Demarara to Havana, I was questioned for a few minutes by an officer of the English man-of-war Styx, who came alongside my vessel in a boat when we were off the island of Lobos, near the Cuban coast. It was about half-past ten o'clock in the evening when the boat came alongside, and it was so dark that I could not see the number of men she had on board. The officer who was in her asked me where our vessel was from, and when I told him Demarara, he asked me where she was bound, and I said to Havana. He then said no more, for I suppose he knew the vessel and myself too; but I asked him where he was from, and he said in a haughty way, "From her Britannic Majesty's man of war Styx." "Did you take us for a slaver?" said I to him. "No, not exactly," said he; "we did not know what you might have been about." We did not let her Britannic Majesty's ships cause us much thought or annoyance. When the officer in the boat had heard my questions and answered them, he gave orders to his men to pull away, and after that we saw no more of them.

Upon another occasion, the captain saw a British vessel chasing and firing at another vessel, and *believes* the firing was also intended for him. His officers think otherwise, however.

The New York Times, in a recent money article, says:—"Touching the various newspaper rumors of British aggression off the coast of Cuba, it is stated on the street to-day, that the late ship Clarendon, about the visitation of which a cock-and-bull story appeared on Monday, belonged to a noted *Bear* in Wall street, and that the story was concocted here to help his short account in Reading. That the second-hand narrative of the captain of the John Howe, of the Clarendon 'outrage,' was a second thought also, seems to be established by the fact, that no such occurrence was reported on the manifest of the John Howe on Saturday night."

WASHINGTON AFFAIRS.—It is shown by the testimony before the House Select Committee, appointed to examine the accounts of the late doorkeepers, that a regular and profitable business has been carried on in Washington for years by the booksellers in Congressional documents intended for gratuitous distribution among the people, but which are purchased fresh from the press. As an instance of these abuses, the Committee say that the Patent Office Report, costing the Government 66 cents, are retailed by the booksellers at 15 cents a volume, and this could not be done but for the culpable negligence or misapplication of the documents by the members.

Both branches of Congress have agreed to the item in one of the appropriation bills, appropriating $10,000 for carrying into effect the act for the admission of Kansas into the Union.

The defeat of Mr. Simmons's amendment in the Senate is not a test on the home valuation of duties. Messrs. Toombs, Bigler and others disposed to favor a proper system of home valuation, held that the amendment was a revenue measure, and therefore could not originate in the Senate.

IOWA GOLD.—A letter to the Pittsburg Journal says:—"We were yesterday informed by a reliable gentleman, just in from Des Moines River, that the tract of country recently purchased by your fellow citizen, Colonel R. C. Gray, late commander of popular packet Denmark, has proved to contain an abundance of gold of the richest quality. Although just discovered, hundreds of men are already prospecting, and our informant assures that from five to twenty dollars per day are being realized per man. Gold has been discovered to abound for a considerable distance up the valley, but the tract of Col. Gray's appears to be signally prolific. The Colonel has sold his interest in the Denmark to the Northern Line Packet Company, and has left for the aureal region. His farm is near Rattlesnake Falls, Elk Township, Polk County, Iowa."

THE GREAT ECLIPSE.—Sir John Parkington has offered to place vessels at the disposal of men of science for observing the great eclipse of the sun, which will take place in September next. This eclipse will be total, and its astronomical appearance will be best seen in South America, particularly about Lima. It is anticipated that an astronomical expedition may be organized, and in this case, foreign astronomers would be invited to join the expedition. But whatever is done should be promptly arranged, as the voyage is a long one.

### NEWS ITEMS.

THE funeral ceremonies of the late General Persifer F. Smith took place, on Friday of last week, in this city, the procession moving in the afternoon from Walnut street, above Fifth, the residence of his brother, to Laurel Hill. Our local volunteer display was very creditable. The Mayor and city Councils attended the obsequies.

AN English paper publishes the sketch of the life of a prisoner, composed by himself in Winchester jail. The original is in the shape of a printed book; the letters and words all having been cut out of waste paper by the man with his finger nails, as no knife or scissors were allowed. After cutting out the words suitable to his purpose, he carefully pasted them in proper order to form a small book, comprising twenty-two pages. A piece of poetry, addressed to the prisoner's wife, is included in this singular literary curiosity.

THE body of Johnson Chaeffer, a young Englishman, who disappeared so mysteriously about three weeks ago, from the steamboat Hero, on her way to Albany, New York, was on Tuesday week brought to New York, from Fishkill, where it was picked out of the river on Friday week, by a fisherman. His money, consisting of about $15,000 in drafts, his gold watch, and other valuables, were found on his person, untouched. From the fact that he had so much money in his possession, it was feared by his friends that he was murdered, and then cast overboard.

A JUDGE of Evansville, Ind., has discharged Richard Webb, accused of having three wives, because it was not proved that one of the wives was over fourteen years of age. According to the construction the judge placed upon the law, a man may marry as many wives as he chooses, provided they are not over fourteen years of age at the time.

THE Congress of German Naturalists will assemble this year at Carlsruhe, on the 16th of September. The committee invite the *savans* and friends of science in Germany and other countries to be present.

THE Clark county (Ind.) Democrat says that a few days ago a convict named Blake presented himself at the Indiana Penitentiary, and requested admittance. He had escaped a short time previous, and finding it exceedingly annoying to be compelled to dodge about the country, was anxious to serve out his time, so that he might return to his family in peace. He has but a few months more to serve. An effort will be made to have him pardoned by the Governor.

THE New England Tract Society, at its recent session in Boston, passed resolutions disapproving of the recent action of the American Tract Society. One resolution, providing for a secession from the American Society, was referred to the Executive Committee of seven members. The old Board and officers were re-elected.

SINGULAR AMALGAMATION.—The Hightstown (N. J.) Excelsior gives an account of a *log* containing three different kinds of wood—white oak, maple and hickory—all grown together in the most perfect manner.

LONGEVITY OF A CANARY BIRD.—A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser states that a canary bird died at Brooklyn, a few days ago, which had been in the possession of the owner for 26 years. It had been bald for many years, and blind for the last 12 months.

HAVING finished the swill-milk folks, the city reformers have unearthed a new nuisance which requires immediate abatement, viz:—swill-fed pork, large quantities of which finds its way into this city from the adjacent country. The doctors say there is a general distemper among the porkers just now, and that swill is the cause of it. Hence, nobody now eats pork.—*New York Correspondent.*

THE prize of 5,000 francs, offered every five years by the Belgian Government for the best literary work which has appeared during that period, has been awarded to the poet M. Andre Van Hasselt.

A JUDGE INDICTED.—Judge Nelson, of Campbell county, Ky., has been indicted in the United States District Court, for assisting a soldier to desert from the army barracks in Newport. The basis of the indictment is, that the judge granted the man a discharge, as is alleged, without allowing the commanding officer any opportunity to be heard on the other side.

DEATH OF AN OLD MAN.—The Dublin (Ireland) correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer records the death—at the beginning of the present month—of Mr. James Nolan, of Knockendrane, in the county of Carlow, at the age of one hundred and fifteen years and nine months!

MRS. GUTHRIE, an old lady residing in New Concord, Muskingum county, Ohio, died a few days since, from eating the leaves of the common garden rhubarb, or pie-plant, which are exceedingly poisonous, although the stems or peduncles are harmless.

THE citizens of Maryland have voted down the proposition to call a State Convention to frame a new Constitution.

BY advices received recently at St. Louis, it appears that the rumor of Col. Kane's arrival at Fort Leavenworth was altogether a fabrication. The last authentic intelligence received left him in company with Gov. Cumming *en route* for Salt Lake City.

IT is believed at Washington, probably from intimations thrown out by the British Minister, that the British Government will insist upon the "right of visitation," as absolutely essential to the suppression of the slave trade.—*Public Ledger.*

THE instructions to the naval forces in the Gulf are, in effect, to warn the British cruisers against the visitation of American vessels, and in case of persistence to prevent it by force.—*Washington Correspondent.*

THE British force on the West India Station have 17 vessels, carrying 357 guns. Our force there, and under orders to appear there, is 8 vessels, carrying 140 guns. Rather a disproportionate force, if fighting is to be done.

THE great flood on the Mississippi has offered an opportunity to save millions of dollars worth of timber, which has been locked up in the swamps of the Yazoo Valley. It is the practice to cut the timber in the swamps, in large quantities, and wait for the flood to float it out, and it is believed that timber worth at least five millions of dollars has been saved and brought into market by the late freshet.

THE KANSAS ELECTION.—Incomplete returns of the election indicate a majority of 750 in favor of the Leavenworth Constitution. The utmost apathy is manifested as to the result. The pro-slavery vote was very small.

THE Canandaigua and Elmira Railroad, equipage, &c., will be sold at auction in the village of Canandaigua on the 8th of July next. It will be sold under foreclosure.

THE first flour (made of new wheat) recently received from Georgia, is about three weeks earlier than last year.

NEW HAVEN has a large trade in foreign coal. The Journal of that city says there are now eight colliers from English ports in the harbor.

THE Evangelist states that the German Methodists in the United States number 32,000.

NEW COMMENTARY ON THE BIBLE.—In the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church, at New Orleans, on the 13th ult., Rev. Dr. Breckenridge introduced a plan for a Presbyterian commentary on the Holy Scriptures, which, after discussion, was referred to the next assembly. The plan contemplated the selection of five of its members by each general synod of the church, and four by the Board of Publication, to perform the work. For a compensation, they and their heirs to receive, for the term of 28 years, a per centum on the price of the work sold.

IT appears that our Executive Government was advised, three months ago, that the British government would attempt to exercise the right of visit.—*Washington Correspondent.*

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

A NEW GARDEN—BIRNAM WOODS COMING TO DUNSINANE—AN INFANTINE DUEL—A ROYAL WEDDING—DISAPPOINTED AMATEURS—A TRAGIC EVENT—THE SUN TURNED DETECTIVE—AN EDIFYING HISTORY—A NEW ELECTRICAL WONDER.

*Paris, May 6, 1858.*

*Mr. Editor of the Post:*

Your readers may perhaps remember the description given in one of my former letters, of the process so amusing to watch, of the creation of a large garden behind the beautiful freestone building, with its sculptured fronts, and its immense lines of glittering windows, erected for the World's Gathering of 1855, and now known as the "Palace of the Champs Elysees," bought by the Government of the shareholders—to whom it had proved a losing speculation—and used for the various annual, biennial, and triennial exhibitions in vogue in Paris. This garden—containing perhaps three acres or so—of a queer irregular triangular shape, dictated by the nature of the ground, is now almost completed. The clumps and lines of trees, (planted there according to the most approved new methods for removing forest trees in their glory, and setting them up with their leafy pride unimpaired by the change of dwelling, in any bare place where trees happen to be wanted,) have taken most "kindly" to their new "habitat," and are promising to do honor to the "system" according to which they have been removed. The gravelled walks were finished and rolled, several weeks ago; and now the laying down of carpets of green turf is putting the finishing touch to the whole. The seeds which have been planted at the proper seasons ever since the beds were made, are coming up satisfactorily; and when the grass is down, the beds stuck full of gay flowering plants in pots, (the latter sunk out of sight,) and a few score of great orange and pomegranate trees, in huge green tubs, have been wheeled into appropriate positions, the place will be at once invaded by the crowds of embroidering ladies and *bonnes*, children with wooden shovels to scrape up the dust and little carts to carry it away, elderly gentlemen reading newspapers, and old women who hire out chairs, which seem to develope themselves spontaneously in Paris wherever a fitting locality is provided by a paternal municipality.

Not, however, that the amusements of the children in the public gardens are always confined to acts so innocent as this scraping up of dust and pebbles, the trundling of hoops, and the sailing of little ships upon the basins. A day or two ago, two little boys in the Tuileries, happy possessors of the little rude swords which children prize, especially when made of a sort of common steel, (usually too blunt to cut,) instead of being made of lead, or painted wood, as is generally the case, determined to fight a duel. So away they slipped, out of sight of the mammas and the *bonnes*, and having gained a deserted corner, under the trees, set to work to cut and thrust each other with such hearty good will, that one of the little combatants received some very hard thrusts about the head and face, narrowly missing the eyes, while the arm of the other was very seriously wounded. The shrieks and screams of the poor little fellow, whose arm was ripped open for several inches, and who was as much terrified by the sight of the blood as by the pain of the wound, soon brought the policemen to the spot, and the voice of Rumor, proclaiming the fact of the "duel," reaching the respective mammas, the latter rushed into the middle of the crowd, and were nearly beside themselves on seeing that the poor little silly creatures had been getting themselves into such desperate trouble. The wounded child was carried home on a litter; and it is feared that the wound, inflicted by a blunt and perhaps rusty blade, will prove a troublesome, if not even a dangerous affair. It is to be hoped that this melancholy occurrence will show to parents the folly of allowing their children to amuse themselves with toys which may be turned to such dangerous purpose, and which necessarily suggest ideas of strife, violence, and cruelty, which one would rather see fading out from the minds of men, than inoculated into those of children.

But to return to the Garden of the Champs Elysées and the Palace of which it is so great an embellisher. The Horticultural Society, whose show was so beautiful last year, and who appear bent on eclipsing the triumphs of the past, are busy getting the Palace in order for their grand display, to open on the 12th of this month. Cargoes of flowers and shrubs are arriving from every part of the country; and Algiers is also sending numerous and valuable contributions. If the show only equal that of last year, the great building, so generally deserted, will once again be crowded with flounces and crinolines, and exquisite, yellow-gloved specimens of the "superior" sex, who will once again be obliged to confess that their glories are still as far surpassed by those of Flora's darlings, as in the days of King Solomon.

Speaking of finery, feminine and other, reminds me that the marriage of the Princess Stephanie, of Hohenzollern Sigmarlingen, a near relative and favorite of the King of Prussia, with the good young King of Portugal, took place with great pomp at Berlin, on the 28th of last month. The King ordered that everything about this ceremony should be conducted on a scale of splendor equal to what would been displayed had the bride been his own daughter; and the royal commands appear to have been implicitly obeyed. The whole of the Royal Family, except the King, whose illness prevented his being present, were convened in the Royal Chapel, and half the little grandeurs of Germany were present also. The bride, who had been received on her arrival with great state and splendor, was accompanied by her brother, Prince Leopold, who personated the King of Portugal in the wedding-rite. The bride, who is very beautiful, and reputed to be very clever as well as amiable, was led to the altar by the Prince of Prussia; she wore a magnificent robe of Brussels lace, with three deep flounces of costly *point d'Angleterre*, the whole robe being dotted over with sprigs of orange and myrtle flowers. Her veil was, of course, as splendid as veils usually are on such splendid occasions, and left visible an exquisite wreath of real myrtle blossoms on the bride's head. Just above the bouquet of orange and myrtle which adorned the princess's *corsage*, hung a little miniature of the absent bridegroom, set in diamonds. The responses were uttered in clear, distinct tones by the bride and her brother; and on the conclusion of the ceremony the young Queen was kissed and congratulated with true German heartiness by all the royalties and grand duchesses present. When these had ended their embracings, some Portuguese ladies of the highest rank came forward, and kneeling to their new sovereign, kissed her hand with so much fervor and affection, that the latter was quite affected by the unexpected demonstration. The dresses of the principal personages were of course very gorgeous; especially that of the young Princess Frederick William (Queen Victoria's eldest daughter) who wore a robe of white lace, embroidered with silver, a train of white moire, embroidered to match, and a beautiful diadem of diamonds and pearls. Owing to the state of the King's health, only a grand dinner by the Prince of Prussia, and a couple of balls, were given after the wedding. The young Queen slept at the Palace, and is now on her way to Lisbon, on board a fleet of honor sent to convey her to her new home.

The approaching sale of Rachel's beautiful hotel, described in a former letter, has been preceded by that of her furniture and jewels.—An old guitar that always hung in her boudoir, and that public belief regarded as the very instrument on which she used to twang at the door of coffee-houses in the days of her penniness and adventurous childhood, would have been disputed with an almost unparalleled obstinacy by a crowd of rival amateurs who were prepared to outbid one another to a fabulous extent, had it not been for the most remarkable honesty of the auctioneer, who must evidently be a phœnix in his own way. Just as the eager bidders were preparing for a pecuniary duel, this functionary poured cold water on their enthusiasm, by stating, in audible tones, that "the guitar he was about to offer for sale, was not, in the opinion of the family of its deceased owner, the guitar which the illustrious defunct had played on when collecting alms in the course of her early days." The consternation produced by this honest declaration, in a quarter not proverbial for the exercise of honesty, may be imagined. The amateurs were almost furious at being disappointed of their expected relic; but the trumpery little guitar, for which they had been prepared to squander thousands, was knocked down at six francs ($1,12), just about what it was really worth. The furniture, bought up by persons desirous of possessing a souvenir of the great tragedian, must have sold for a very considerable sum; her jewels have sold for $50,000.

A very tragical incident, connected with jewelry, has just occurred in Milan. A gentleman, a foreigner, having purchased some very valuable jewels at the shop of one of the first jewellers of that city, put his new acquisitions into his pocket, and walked back towards his lodgings. It was nearly dusk, and he had to pass through some narrow, crooked streets in order to reach the part of the town in which was his hotel. Just as he had entered one of these streets, in the immediate neighborhood of the jeweller's shop, he was attacked by a robber, who threw him down, rifled his pockets of the valuables they contained, and made his escape before the gentleman could scramble to his feet, or give any alarm. Notwithstanding the gloom in the narrow and deserted street, and the rapidity with which the crime was committed, the victim had perfectly seen the features of his assailant. Persuaded that the robbery had been committed by some one of the persons in the employ of the jeweller, who had seen him make the purchases just concluded, the gentleman hastened to the nearest police station, and having secured the aid of a proper force, returned with the policemen to the jeweller's shop. The jeweller, on hearing what had occurred, and the suspicions entertained by his customer, ordered all the clerks and servants in his employment to present themselves. Just as the gentleman was examining the countenances thus drawn up for his inspection, the door of the apartment opened, and the jeweller's only son came in.

"That is the man who robbed me half-an-hour ago!" cried the victim, the moment he caught sight of the young man. The latter grew very pale as this terrible denunciation met his ears; and the policemen, seizing him, and at once plunging their hands in his pockets, drew forth the articles of jewelry of which the gentleman had been robbed. The jeweller, in the first movement of indignation against his son, drew a stiletto from his vest, and stabbed the unhappy youth to the heart. The latter fell dead at the feet of his incensed father, who at once gave himself up to justice. So much for the wretched mania of "making haste to be rich," no matter how nefarious the means to be employed!

Less tragical was the *dénouement* of a larceny perpetrated the other day in the noble forest of Fontainebleau, on the great-coat and luncheon of an enthusiastic artist, who was too intent upon the work of photographing one of the loveliest sites in the picturesque solitudes of that renowned locality, to observe the cautious advance, successful operations, and triumphant retreat of a stroller, in possession of his property. It was not until the conclusion of his picture that the enraptured artist bethought him of his "prog," and feeling that he had earned his refection, betook himself to a neighboring tree at whose foot he had deposited his *surtout* and his *goûter*. Judge of the poor fellow's astonishment and dismay at the loss of his property, and the seeming impossibility of discovering the thief who had so completely "sold" him! But judge also of his astonishment on perceiving that the photograph on which he had been so intent, had faithfully preserved the image of the ravisher of his missing property. With the aid of a magnifying glass, which the artist fortunately had in his pocket, the dress and features of the thief were perfectly discernible. Furnished with this important clue, the artist hastened to the police-authorities of the little town, and showed them the features of the thief. With the aid of this indication, hastily transmitted to the various police-stations on the borders of the forest, the guardians of the peace entered upon the task of recovering the stolen property; and a couple of hours afterwards the thief was taken, and the artist had the satisfaction of recovering his coat and all the contents of its pockets, minus only the packet of luncheon, which the rascal had already appropriated beyond recall.

The "strong arm of the law" has just been called upon to interfere in a case which, from the high rank and immense wealth of the parties concerned, has already caused a vast deal of scandal, and will doubtless cause a good deal more before it is disposed of.

One of the most beautiful and fascinating women who appeared at the Court of the first Napoleon, was the widowed Princess of Saxe-Courland, a descendant of the Elector of Saxony, consequently of royal blood and rank. This lady won the heart of a young adherent of the Emperor, the Count de Montléar, one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the day. The Count had only his ancient pedigree, and his handsome face; but the Princess was rich enough to afford herself the pleasure of choosing a husband to her mind. The Emperor gave his consent to the match, and the wedding took place, the Count becoming a Prince in right of his wife. The Princess had already two children by her first marriage; a son, Charles-Albert, who became King of Piedmont and Sardinia, and a daughter, who became the Archduchess Regnier. She had two other children by her second marriage, Prince Maurice, and the Princess Augusta. After a long union the Princess died, leaving her great fortune to the Prince de Montléar and the two children. The younger of these, Princess Augusta, being dissatisfied with the portion of the inheritance (about three millions) made over to her, went to law with her father, on the plea that a will existed by which the Princess, her mother, had settled on her a much larger sum. The object of the law suit was to compel the Prince de Montléar to produce this will, whose existence was denied by him. The Prince persisted in this denial, and the Court gave a verdict in his favor, adding half a million to the part of the inheritance made over to the Princess Augusta. It seems that, one day, a very old servant of the Prince de Montléar, who has always been most devotedly attached to the Princess Augusta, and has been in her household ever since her mother's death, presented himself to his young mistress, pale and trembling, with a paper in his hand.

"Forgive me, Princess!" he exclaimed, in great agitation, "if my zeal for your interests has carried me too far! I knew of the existence of the document which the Prince, your father, had secreted, and which I knew he had hidden in a secret drawer of his *sécrétaire;* I have watched my opportunity, and have penetrated into his cabinet, where I have found this document, so important to you, and have brought it to you, in order that you may use it for the recovery of the rightful fortune which the Prince is endeavoring to deprive you of." And so saying, the gray-haired servitor delivered to his mistress the precious document of which he had possessed himself in so questionable a manner.

The Princess Augusta, in possession of this document, was preparing to bring another suit against her father; the latter has anticipated her by suing her in order to force her to give up the testamentary document taken out of his private *sécrétaire*, and the young Princess has just been ordered by the court to give up this paper to her father, and her servant is sentenced to three years' imprisonment for its abstraction.

Meantime the Princess is preparing to bring another suit against her father, in order to compel him to produce this document whose existence he has hitherto denied, but must now admit, as he has placed a farther denial out of his power.

A lovely state of family-matters in high life, and a precious proof of the influence exercised by the thirst for money upon the domestic virtues!

More interesting to the world at large, is the reported "improvement" of the electric telegraph, by the Abbe Caselli, of Florence, by means of which, not only are 60,000 words easily transmitable *per hour*, but *facsimiles* of manuscripts and colored drawings are transmissable with equal facility and despatch. The proposed method is said to be excessively simple; the agents have only to place the dispatches under the telegraph, and to remove them when the process is accomplished. Every thing else is done by machinery. That is to say, the agent at one end of the line, rolls the sheet of dispatches, colored or black, round a cylinder; the agent at the other end rolls a sheet of prepared paper round another cylinder. The first agent gives the signal, and sets the telegraphic apparatus in motion; the second agent unrolls the paper on to which the *facsimiles* of the dispatches have been transmitted. The thing seems almost too wonderful to be true, though it appears to be admitted as such by scientific judges. But the action of electricity, as already at work, is so wonderful that, in view of what has already been achieved, one hesitates to decline any extension of its marvels impossible.

QUANTUM.

SUICIDE OF A YOUNG LADY BY LEAPING FROM A WINDOW.—A young lady in St. Johns, Newfoundland, lately committed suicide by jumping from her sleeping-room window. It appears her parents, for a few weeks previous to the melancholy event, had suspected, from her behavior, that she was somewhat tainted with insanity, and consequently kept a watchful eye upon her movements. At the time of the catastrophe, she was staying with her sister, and nothing extraordinary was noticed in her conduct previous to retiring to rest at night. At an early hour the following morning, her sister missed her from her side, and search being made, the unfortunate young creature was discovered, in her night-dress, insensible in the yard, beneath her bed-room window. She survived about two hours. She was under an engagement to be married to a young gentleman early in the ensuing month. All the parties move in the first circles in St. Johns, and the event has created a profound sensation in that community.—*Portland Advertiser.*

THE whole estate of the celebrated Breckinridge Coal Company, near Cloverport, Kentucky, is to be sold at auction on the 28th of June, to pay a mortgage of $350,000. This, the Memphis Bulletin remarks, is an unfortunate close of the affairs of the company, whose stock and property was valued a few years ago at $4,000,000 or $5,000,000. A meeting of those interested is to be held, to see if the property cannot be saved from sacrifice.

## EUROPEAN NEWS.

THE MINISTRY SUSTAINED BY THE LORDS—PROBABLE DEFEAT IN THE COMMONS.

The Africa which arrived at New York on the 27th brought seventy passengers, and $100,000 in specie.

The Derby Ministry has been sustained by the House of Lords, the resolutions of censure having been defeated by a majority of nine.—The debate on the resolutions was progressing in the House of Commons.

The British Government has granted a steamer to act as tender to the U. S. frigate Niagara, in place of the Susquehanna, during the laying of the telegraph cable.

It is rumored that Lord Stanley will succeed to the vacancy in the Ministry, caused by the resignation of Lord Ellenborough, and that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton will take the Colonial Office.

The Bombay Mail of April 24th had been telegraphed. The Commander-in-Chief was about starting for Rohilcund. The movements of Nena Sahib still occasion much anxiety. He had a strong body of cavalry and 25,000 Sepoys, beside an armed rabble. Gen. Rose remained at Shanai, and it was reported that large bodies of the enemy were advancing upon him. The Lotah garrison, 5,000 strong, were at large, but destitute of artillery. The Punjaub and Scinde remained quiet. The Napaul frontier was threatened by the rebels. The bulk of the army remained at Lucknow. Trade was inactive and money tight at Bombay.

The Plenipotentiaries to the Conference of the Great Rivers were assembling at Paris.—The Conference was to open on the 22nd inst.

The Spanish Ministry had not yet re-organized.

The Austrian fortifications in the Italian provinces are progressing with great energy.

The dispute between Turkey and Montenegro was claiming the attention of England and France, which governments had resolved to send out a commission to effect a settlement.

The U. S. frigate Cumberland remained at Madeira on the 5th of May.

In the House of Commons, on the 13th, Mr. Bailie denied that Sir Colin Campbell has asked urgently for reinforcements.

Mr. D'Israeli, in reply to a query, said that Lord Ellenborough has sent in his resignation to the Queen without the knowledge of the Prime Minister, and that, had he consulted his colleagues, they would unanimously have requested him to withdraw it.

On the same day, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Shaftsbury moved for a vote of censure upon the Government. Lord Ellenborough reiterated his assertion that he alone was responsible for the despatch to the Governor-General of India, and defended its principles.

Lord Shaftsbury's motion was supported by the Dukes of Argyle, Somerset and Newcastle, and Lords Cranworth and Grey, and the Government was defended by the Earls of Carnarvon and Donoughmore.

The Earl of Derby justified the despatch, and condemned Lord Canning's lack of clemency towards the people of Oude, but denied that the Government, as a body, was responsible for the publication of the despatch.

On the division, the House stood:

| | |
|---|---|
| For the resolution, | 158 |
| Against it, | 167 |

The announcement was received with cheers.

On the same day, Mr. Cardwell brought forward his motion of censure in the House, and was supported strenuously by Lord John Russell and others, and opposed by Lord Stanley, Mr. Lindsay and others. The debate was still continued. It was supposed that the motion of censure would be carried, and Lord Derby give place again to Palmerston.

The electricians were still making experiments, with a view of testing whether the Atlantic Telegraph line would work through the whole length of the cable—a matter at present of the gravest doubt. Nothing satisfactory upon this point has as yet been elicited. It is expected that the cable will be laid by July next, if the enterprise is more successful than its first experiment proved to be.

The last trips of the Arago and Saxonia across the Atlantic were a neck-and-neck race. They left New York at the same hour on the 1st of May, the Saxonia taking the lead. On the fourth day out, the Arago passed the Saxonia, and fired two guns in triumph. A few days afterwards, the Saxonia resumed the lead, firing three guns, and kept it to the end, arriving at Southampton four hours in advance of the Arago.

FRANCE.—The weather in the French provinces has been very unseasonable. Snow has fallen in large quantities at Bourg, in the Ain; but, as there was little sun, the vines were uninjured.

PARIS, Monday.—Picard, opposition candidate, elected by 10,323 votes, against 8,976 polled by Eck, the Government candidate. It appears, from the number of votes given, that more than one-third of the registered voters abstained from voting. It is said, however, that in the late division of the electoral lists not less than 12,000 names were struck out.

RUSSIA.—Letters say that agrarian disturbances in Russia are much more general than is supposed, and that in some cases the leaders of the refractory serfs have been seized. The agitation is exclusively directed against the noble landed proprietors.

CHINA.—The Governor of Canton and the Commissary of Finance, have visited the ports that are open to commerce, in order to examine the state of relations with foreigners. All continued quiet in China.

LIVERPOOL, May 14.—Cotton—The sales of the week have been 57,000 bales, including 12,000 bales on speculation, and 4000 for export. The market opened at an advance of 1-16d, which was subsequently lost, and the market closed quiet but steady at previous rates. The estimated sales to-day (Friday) are 8000 bales, including 2000 bales equally divided between speculation and export. The market is quiet at the following quotations: Fair New Orleans 8; do Mobile 7¾; do Uplands 7½; middling New Orleans 7½; do Mobile 7 3-16; do Uplands 7⅛. The stock in port is 405,000 bales, including 401,800 American.

The Manchester advices are favorable, and cotton goods are firm.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market has a declining tendency. Flour is very dull, and quotations are nominal. Wheat is very dull, and all qualities have slightly declined. Red wheat is quoted at 6s; white 7s a 7s 4d. Corn—The market is quiet at a decline of 6d. Sales of yellow at 34s 6d; white 35s a 35s 6d.

PROVISIONS.—The market is steady; Beef quiet; Lard firm and buoyant at a slight advance; sales at 56s 6d a 57s 6d; Pork firm; Bacon buoyant, at an advance of 1s.

PRODUCE.—Sugar opened buoyant, but closed with quotations barely maintained; Coffee steady; Tea is slow of sale, but prices are unaltered; Rice heavy. Linseed Oil closed at 33s a 34s 6d; Rosin dull at 4s a 4s 6d for common; Spirits Turpentine steady.

LONDON MARKETS, May 14.—Breadstuffs dull. Sugar heavy, and has declined 6d a 1s. Coffee steady. Tea has sustained a decline for all qualities; Congous are ½d lower. For Cotton there is but little inquiry, and prices are weak. Linseed Oil has advanced considerably; sales on the spot at 33s a 33s 6d, and to arrive at 35s 6d a 38s; subsequently there was a decline of 2s a 3d on these rates. Turpentine firm at 41s a 41s 6d.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, May 14.—Consols are quoted at 97½ a 97¾ for money, and 97¾ for account. American securities and the money market are both unchanged. The bullion in the bank has decreased [illegible] during the week.

LONDON, Saturday morning, May 12.—The funds closed yesterday very dull, but not lower. The Stock Exchange exhibited great dullness, and prices drooping. The demand at the bank for money was languid, but in the open market rather active. The present embarrassing position of the Ministry had its effect upon the market.

NO WONDER THEY EMIGRATE.—The working days in Switzerland, are from 14 to 19 hours. Wages for children, 5 cents per day; women, from 16 to 20 cents; men, from 40 to 50 cents.

## NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

NEW YORK, May 29.—The steamship Moses Taylor has arrived with California advices to the 7th inst. She brings $1,576,000 in gold and seven hundred passengers. The Golden Gate left San Francisco on the 5th inst., for Panama, but the same afternoon she broke her centre shaft, compelling her to return to port. The steamship Sonora sailed in her place on the afternoon of the 7th inst.

The State Legislature had adjourned.

New gold diggings in the vicinity of Walker's River, have caused much talk.

A. R. Melony has been appointed State Controller.

A stage coach from Nevada for Sacramento with $21,000 in gold dust for Wells, Fargo & Co., has been robbed.

The People's ticket has been elected at Sacramento by several thousand majority over the regular Democratic ticket.

Col. Fremont had been welcomed at Mariposa with bonfires and the firing of cannon.

It is announced that the Indians of Plumas county have banded together to make war on the whites.

A guano island containing over a million of tons, it is said, has been discovered on the track between the Sandwich and Ladrone Islands. Specimens of the guano have been received at San Francisco.

J. Parker Ingols, a native of Boston, has died of consumption.

FROM KANSAS.—Five "free-state men" (supposed by some to belong to Montgomery's band) were recently shot, either by Missourians, or Kansas pro-slavery men who had been driven out by Montgomery's band. The accounts are too conflicting as yet to say what is the truth of the story.

ALLEGED INVASION OF MISSOURI—TOWN OF BUTLER (KANSAS) BURNED.—ST. LOUIS, May 28.—The Jefferson City (Missouri) correspondent of the Republican states that a petition had been received by Gov. Stewart, from a number of citizens of Bates and Cass counties, Missouri, asking that measures be taken for their protection against Montgomery's Kansas banditti, who had invaded Missouri, committed various robberies and outrages in the above named counties, and were preparing for a more extensive foray into the State.

The Leavenworth correspondent of the same paper says that Montgomery's men burned the town of Butler, Kansas, on the night of the 21st instant.

LEAVENWORTH, May 26.—The Board of Commissioners appointed under the Act of Congress of May 4th, was convened at Lecompton May 24th. Present—J. W. Denver, Governor; Hugh L. Walsh, Secretary; C. W. Babcock, President of the Council; Geo. W. Deshler, Speaker of the House, and Wm. Heir, District Attorney. The members of the Board were sworn in by Judge Cato. The Commissioners organized in electing Governor Denver, President, and Hugh L. Walsh, Secretary.

On motion of E. W. Babcock, it was unanimously agreed that the election ordered by the Act of Congress shall take place on the first Monday of August next. Adjourned.

Gov. Denver arrived here this evening.

Rumors are in circulation of a battle having taken place on the Southern border, between the Free State force and a party of Missourians, in which twenty-one were killed and eleven wounded. The news is not considered authentic.

A CELEBRATED TUNE.—"The Tune the Old Cow Died Of." Everybody has heard of this celebrated tune, but we believe it has never appeared in print before. It has, however, just been brought to light by "Herr Giffic," and published by Mr. Augener, of Tottenham Court Road, London, accompanied by a humorous legend, detailing the circumstances of its discovery, and we doubt not that many a heart will be raised during the next few months at the expense of the unfortunate cow. As a set off to the lachrymose character of the tune itself, the piece concludes with a first rate polka, which will inevitably become popular, founded upon the incident of the cow jumping over the moon.

THE Protestant Episcopal Convention, in this city, terminated its labors by the election, as assistant bishop, of Rev. Samuel Bowman, D. D., of Lancaster. The vote was a close one, and the election was subsequently ratified by the laity by a vote equally close.

THE METHODIST CHURCH SOUTH.—The General Conference of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, in session at Nashville, has expunged from the book of discipline all reference to the subject of buying and selling slaves. According to the constitutional law of the church, three-fourths of the annual conference must concur in this action, but there cannot be a question as to the result. The vote stood ayes 140, noes 8, absent 3.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLIES.—The Old School General Assembly, which recently held its sessions in New Orleans, has rejected the overtures of the Southern seceders from the New School Assembly for admission. The terms of union proposed by the seceders contained stipulations relative to the difference between Old and New School doctrinal views, which, probably, operated as a bar to an agreement.

CITIZENSHIP IN CANADA.—The Canadian Parliament has passed to a third reading a bill to amend the Naturalization Laws, and reducing the period of residence subsequent to which foreigners can claim naturalization, from five years to three. The notorious William Lyon Mackenzie opposed the bill, on the ground that it would give privileges to Americans which they did not concede to Canadians.

THERE are, it is said, sixteen thousand Texas cattle now on the Plains, moving northward, that will be in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas in the fall.

BY a new law on literary property just promulgated in Denmark, the copyright of a work belongs to an author for life, and for 30 years after his death.

THE General Congregational Association of Michigan has passed resolutions, protesting against the recent action of the American Tract Society at New York. Only two negative votes were cast.

SPAIN ASSERTING HER RIGHTS.—*New Orleans, May 29.*—The steamer Philadelphia, from New York, via Havana, brings an announcement that the continued outrages of the British cruisers had caused such intense excitement in Havana, that the Captain-General Concha had despatched a Spanish war fleet to interpose between British guns and the frequent violation of sovereignty in the Spanish waters. Lively times are anticipated.

AN indignation meeting was held at New Orleans on the 29th, at which resolutions were adopted, recommending every vessel, before leaving port, to arm and equip so as to offer every resistance possible to the British cruisers. Great enthusiasm was displayed.

FROM WASHINGTON.—The Republican members of Congress say they have had nothing to do with the programme of the new party telegraphed all over the country.

☞ Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar, do ye not know some quiet spot where hoops are worn no more? Some lone and silent dell, some island or some cave, where women can walk three abreast, along the village pave? The loud winds hissed around my face, and snickering, answered, "nary place!"

☞ INFALLIBLE RAILWAY BRAKE.—Mismanagement: this brake is so effectual that this has been known to bring the best line going to a complete stand-still.

## A GREAT SPECULATION.

The following account, which is taken from a recent number of the *Washington Union*, is a sample of a great many of the speculations of these latter years:—

### The Great Maryland Black Cat Case.

"If you meet a black cat, shave him to the tail."

This tremendous case is now pending before a judicial tribunal of the State of Maryland, and presents many remarkable features of the ingenuity and speculative capacity of the defendant in the case. For the benefit of the legal profession and gentlemen generally who may wish to enter a new field of speculation, I will give a short history of the case as I have heard it.

Some few years ago a gentleman of Maryland conceived the idea that an immense fortune could be realized by the rearing of black cats for the sale of their skins. The principal obstacle to the plan was the impossibility of keeping the animals together and preventing them from wandering off, as their activity, assisted by the penetrating quality of their claws would enable them to defy any inclosure; and at last, after much thinking, the idea suggested itself to his mind that water was the only barrier that cats would not pass. Being in possession of an island that appeared to be just suited for the experiment, he found all obstacles to the success of his plan removed, and set about organizing the affair.

He employed an agent and put out a circular, in which he stated that he would give so much a head for every black cat that could be got. This advertisement was circulated through all the counties bordering on the Chesapeake Bay, and the negroes got hold of it. In a short time, all the black cats through those counties were stolen by the negroes and sold by the agent, who had depots established at different convenient points. Old ladies missed their favorite cats, and mourned them as dead—but the negroes, incited by the price offered, spared none. In this way, one hundred and fifty black cats were collected, and transported to the island; and the agent took up his abode there, like another Robinson Crusoe, as superintendent and guardian of the cats. These animals were at first put on the island, and spent their time in either playing with each other, or hunting birds or ground mice; but at last their game failed them, and, having no other supply of food, they became hungry and desperate, and roamed about the island in large bands, yelling for food. They at last became dangerous, and the agent wrote to his employer a statement of these facts, accompanied by a request to know how he was to feed them. He wrote back to the agent to set a couple of negroes to work to catch and open oysters for the cats, which order was carried out. The cats, having the alternative of oysters or starvation before them, very naturally chose the former; but not being accustomed to such unnatural food, a species of cholera broke out among them, and one-half died.

This calamity drove the survivors mad, and they either committed suicide, or in a fit of desperation swam to the main land. At any rate they disappeared, and were never heard of more.

The agent then wrote again to his employer to acquaint him with the result of this new treatment, which news was accompanied by a modest request for the payment of his wages—for this cat experiment occupied a space of upward of a year. The latter was so indignant at both the conduct of the agent and the cats that he flatly refused, and the consequence of his refusal was a suit brought by the agent to recover his wages. This suit has been defended for some two years, and during its progress I have become acquainted with the facts.

As far as the theory of the speculation went, it was a magnificent idea. The skin of a black cat is worth, in Boston, fifty cents. The cats, I am told, cost the agent just that sum. It was supposed that they would increase exactly tenfold per annum. Then say—first year, number of cats, 150; second year, 1,500; third year, 15,000; from which there could be obtained 5,000 toms for sale, bringing $2,500, and leaving 10,000 stock cats remaining, which, at the above ratio of increase, would give, the fourth year, the enormous sum of 100,000 cats upon the island; after which all the surplus, over and above the last number, were to be caught in box traps, and the skins sold to the Boston furriers. This stock of 100,000 cats were to produce 1,000,000 per annum, and the revenue consequently to be derived from the island would be in the neighborhood of $500,000 per annum.

The principal drawback to the enterprise was the utter inability of the cats to organize or band together for the purpose of assisting each other, and thus facilitating their hunting operations; so, after deep reflection upon the subject, it was determined to import a couple of wild cats from South America, whose admixture with his cats would not only add strength to the body and value to the fur, but whose executive qualities might be brought to bear in organizing the original settlers into large hunting packs—and thus enable them to successfully pursue the squirrels and ground mice with which the island abounded—and, in fact, to teach these unfortunate animals, who, torn from their comfortable firesides, were, of course, ignorant of the necessities of savage life, the mysteries of the chase. He readily found a friend willing to procure him the new cats. I'm afraid this friend regarded the whole matter as a joke, but at any rate he was faithful to his promise, and as soon as after his arrival in Rio Janeiro as possible, he set some natives hunting, who caught two young tiger cats of extraordinary ferocity, which he placed in a case and shipped to Baltimore.

When he had almost forgotten the matter, he was surprised by the receipt of a letter apprising him of the arrival of these wild beasts, and was requested to "come forward, pay charges and take them away." He hurried into town and found three young tigers, about the size of a medium setter dog, and a bill of charges of several hundred per cent. more than he anticipated. He paid it, and ordered two negroes to convey the beasts in a cart out to his country-seat, for he wished to exhibit them before he sent them down to take command of the island cats.

On the road out to his place the cats glared and spit at the negroes in such a fiendish manner, that to get rid of them they turned the cage over on the bar side, whereby one of the cats was smothered.

The survivor, being deprived of his mate, became more furious than ever, and it became a question whether it would be safe for the cats on the island to turn it loose among them. The owner was very much worried until his negro man suggested that they should try the experiment of putting a tame cat into the cage.

The idea was the very thing. A cat was procured and introduced into the cage. In about two minutes it was torn into shreds and utterly devoured. Of course it would have been madness to turn the beast loose on the island—so the idea was abandoned, and it has been kept ever since in a small menagerie attached to the gentleman's house, with the exception of a periodical visit to the Agricultural Fair in Baltimore, when it is placed among the poultry, and causes the hearts of the chickens to die within them. This is a short history of the black cat scheme and the suit arising from it. Whether there is legal ability in the State sufficient to settle the latter, is more than I am able to say.

THE fourth number of the "Atlas Ecliptique," published for the Imperial Observatory at Paris, has been issued. During three years this work has indexed the position and light of 36,000 stars. The changes noted are deeply interesting. Seven fixed stars, the suns of vast systems, as is supposed, have entirely disappeared.

# THE OLD MARYLAND LINE.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

The heroes of New England have oftentimes been sung,
The warriors of the North have heard their praise in numbers rung,
The old Virginia Cavaliers, the gallant and the true,
And Sumter's men and Marion's, have had their poets too—
Of all who fought in freedom's war, to win the land from wrong,
The sons of Maryland alone have ne'er been named in song.

And yet the true historian their deeds of valor tells,
And on their dauntless chivalry, with lingering fervor dwells;
And strange it is that poesy, that easily is stirred
To give her songs where'er deserved as freely as a bird,
Should fail to sing when even prose their daring deeds inspire
To borrow from the nymph of song her words of living fire.

In the battle of Long Island, when the right had lost the day,
The sons of Maryland withstood the fury of the fray*;
And as a rocky barrier impedes the torrent's course,
For hours their small battalion checked a ten-fold British force;
And when by overwhelming odds, obliged their ground to yield†,
Each Marylander bore a mark of honor from the field.

On distant Camden's fatal plain, when all the rest [illegible]
They followed still, with dauntless front, where'er their captain led;
And, while the crest of brave DeKalb shone in the van of fight,
No soldier thought of yielding—they never dreamed of flight;
And when that hero-leader fell, e'en with his latest breath,
He spoke his ardent love for them, the brave and true to death‡.

On the glorious field of Cowpens, where Morgan proved so well
To the brave but cruel Tarleton he was not invincible,
'Twas there that stout old Maryland, with bayonets levelled low,
Drove from the field, with mighty charge, in panic routs the foe;
And, says the admiring writer, who chronicled the fight,
"Each daring son of Maryland fought like a mailclad knight."§

But why rehearse their battles? On hill, and plain, and dell,
Wherever freedom's fight was fought, those valiant soldiers fell;
And still, wherever flashed their blades, or heard their guns to ring,
Was valor shown, the loftiest bards might well be proud to sing.
Then honor to that noble band—let patriot voices join—
Three cheers for brave old Maryland, and for her gallant line. —*South Carolinian.*

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* When it was discovered that the Americans were outflanked by the enemy, Gen. Washington detailed the Maryland line to keep the British in check till the rest of the army could be withdrawn to the main land.

† They retreated only when ordered to do so; and every man who escaped death was wounded.

‡ I regretted to see, upon the monument raised to De Kalb, in the Presbyterian Church yard, in Camden, no allusion to the brave men who stood by him to the last, and whom he praised with the latest words. But the Maryland line need no monumental stone to record their valor.

§ The language used is: "The Marylanders fought like so many armed knights." I think the passage is to be found in Weems's Life of Marion, but am not certain, as I have not the book at hand. The words are remembered from the reading of many years ago.

*Wilmington, N. C., May* 11, 1858.

# RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

For a period of about five years, commencing with the time to which these memories are now carried, there were continually occurring to me escapes from sudden death so striking as to warrant the surmise that they had a particular object; that, viz: of fixing my attention on the question of a Hereafter; of breaking up my habit of speculating without concluding; of urging me on to a yea or nay on the point of the immortality of the soul. The reader will form his own opinion respecting them.

After my journey down the branch of the Hawkesbury River, to its junction with the main stream, I returned to Parramatta. My purse was nearly empty, but I had gained largely in another way. The novelty and beauty of the natural scenery had refreshed my spirit. I felt light-hearted and clear in mind.

A mere whim of inclination led me to prefer going on toward Sydney by a more circuitous way, to following the direct route which I had so often travelled. A heavy rain came on soon after I set out, and continued without intermission throughout the day. After weathering it for an hour or so, I went into a hut on the roadside, and signified to the occupant that I meant to be his guest till the storm was over. But the wind rose till it blew a steady gale; and there remained no prospect of the abatement of the storm for a day or two, or perhaps three.

My host was a solitary Irishman, who "kept bac" and sold rum. Toward evening arrived one solitary traveller more. He was the only person that had come along for some hours previously. The rain was falling in such torrents that the whole face of the country was ankle deep in water; and the gusts of wind so violent, that wherever woods still skirted the road, falling trees and flying limbs made it dangerous to travel. The new-comer, drenched to the skin, also proclaimed himself at home for the night.

He was a man of some thirty years of age, full of life, a convict, a good scholar, had been a law clerk in London, and was now on his way back to the head-quarters of the convict establishment at Sydney, from an upcountry police station, where he had been for some time acting as clerk to the magistrate. Such berths were easy ones, and only given to men in favor, and consequently lasted only as long as they continued in favor. This man, it appeared, had held his situation for some years; but was now "turned into barracks" for some unintelligible offence, such as the Australian magistrates had (and, I understand, still have) a peculiar gift of finding out of their own heads, without reference to either statute or law-writer. I believe it was something of this sort:—The magistrate, who was a military man, wanted to act as complainant, jury, and judge all in one: and the clerk had told him that could by no means be done. So the worthy officer was making it possible by the further step of getting rid of his adviser.

The poor fellow did not appear at all disheartened. He had had many such ups and downs during the ten years he had been in the colony. I could gather, however, that many, if not most of his previous mishaps, had arisen from an inveterate predilection for liquor. He appeared to be fully aware of one point of worldly wisdom; he kept himself supplied with the very best of apparel. He had now had a Ticket of Leave (to work for himself) for several years; and was in hope that the Chief Superintendent of Convicts at Sydney, who entertained a good opinion of him, would intercede with the Governor for the restitution of his "liberty."

"This clerkship that I have just lost," he said, "would suit you well. The pay is good, and there ought to be a free subject in the situation—[illegible]—they can do just as they please. Do you know anything of law?"

"I have read Blackstone's 'Commentaries,' Burns's 'Justice of the Peace,' and Gifford's synoptical work, 'Every Man his Own Lawyer.'"

"You need nothing more at a country court here, except the 'Acts in Council,' which are published from time to time in the Sydney Gazette. Meantime, you must not let Mr. —— know that I advised you to apply for the situation. He is a Lieutenant of the —— Regiment, a mere boy, very poor, but of a high family. The district is called officially by the native name Illawarra, but vulgarly 'The Five Islands,' from the circumstance of that number of small islands lying a few miles from the shore abreast of it. About fifty miles from here, travelling south, you reach the brink of the coast mountain, and the district lies all along the seaside then for many miles. It is covered both along the mountain side and on the lowlands of the coast, with the most dense woods met with in the country. The cedar brushes are the most distinguishing feature. In one of them there are at this time about two hundred pairs of whipsawyers planking down the trees into great junks of from a hundred to a thousand feet. These fellows are just as wild a set as is anywhere to be met with among white men. Almost every pair has one or two bushrangers working for them."

I remarked that I should have thought the police would have taken them.

"They can't take them," said he. "They are all leagued together, and no sooner is a constable or soldier seen on the skirts of the Long Brush, than *crack! crack! crack!* goes a gun three times in succession, as quickly as it can be loaded and fired. Then, as soon as that is heard, the gangs in all directions repeat the signal, till the whole woods are ringing and the hills echoing for miles with the clatter of musketry. Whenever this happens, all the bushrangers beaten away from the huts and off the roads and 'plant'* in places where a regiment would not find them till the interloper has been watched away. There are a few agricultural settlers in the district; but, for the most part, where the country is occupied by open forest, stock-stations prevail."

Before the storm was over, which was not till the fourth morning, I had come to the determination to apply for the clerkship of the court. My informant told me that the best method would be to go to an intermediate magistrate with whom he had left a letter from Lieut. F——. He had reason for believing that that letter contained a request from his late superior to the other magistrate to find and send on a clerk.

My application was successful. The gentleman on whom I called proved to be a man of superior character. I heard he had been colonel in the Scotch Grays. He received me with the greatest urbanity, and after a little conversation, told me that he had been authorized to select and send on a clerk for Illawarra Court; and thought himself very fortunate in so soon meeting with a competent person.

A few hours' journey brought me to the brow of the coast mountain—at this spot a precipice of several hundred feet perpendicular fall. At a sudden turn of the path cut through the close woods, I stood on the very edge of a table of rock, where the sea and forests below appeared as if they were in another world. It was no place for a person to travel who was addicted to absence of mind. Less than three steps past the proper turn, would carry the thoughtless traveller over the precipice.

A regular but still steep declivity, a little further on, conducted to the woods at the mountain's base. I had no sooner entered them than I could see, between the boles of the trees, the blue sea dancing in the sunlight beyond. Another walk of two hours' duration, brought me to the Police Station, where I was to undertake the duties of clerk. It consisted of only a few small buildings, around a larger one, originally built for a barn, but now used as a barrack by the detachment of military. The site of the station was an elevated point of land, with the sea in front and on both sides. A more delightful spot for a summer residence it would be difficult to find.

The commandant, on my presenting my letter of introduction, received me as civilly as I could expect. I found the duties I had to perform were anything but onerous. About half a day each week sufficed for them.

At this period I met with one of those hair-breadth escapes from sudden death which I have already referred to as having at last turned my thoughts effectually to the question of the reality of an after-life. I strolled off one morning with the chief of a partly civilized tribe of aborigines as my guide, for a day's fowling. We took our way along the beach, and for some miles had good travelling. At length the sandy beach gave place to a level surface of rock several rods wide, running along the base of a precipice, a sort of natural pavement. After a while, this level surface divided into two parts, one of which kept about the level of the sea; whilst the other became a broad inclined plane, gradually but steadily rising along the face of the precipitous bluff. The aboriginal going first, took this latter course, and I always supposing he knew best, where he had lived all his life, followed him without any apprehension of being led into danger. It was not till our course had carried us many feet above the level of the sea, that a single thought passed through my mind of the rising platform having become much narrower. Nor when I did notice it, did the thought more than pass transiently through my mind. I was thinking of matters not connected with either the time or the place; and the slight cautionary idea passed away again unheeded. The rocky path was, to the best of my recollection, then about two feet wide. Forward we went, the aboriginal some five or six steps ahead. The path became narrower, but my guide kept on, whilst I, still under the influence of the single idea of following him, kept on also. All on a sudden, my progress was checked; I had made a few steps too far to return, and stood already on the commencement of a part of the path which it seemed impossible to traverse without falling. I was, in fact, already in such a critical position that I had instinctively passed my gun, as I moved on, from my right hand, which was on the outside, to my left, lest its weight should overbalance me. At the spot where I stood, one of my feet the length of a short step before the other, the ledge was certainly not more than between four and five inches broad; it was of such rotten material (a small stratum of coal or black slate), that its loose fragments crushed beneath my tread; and the outer edge was considerably lower, I should think an inch lower, than the inner. The face of the rock outside me fell as straight downward as a plumb-line to a great depth; and the sea was breaking in heavy surges against the base. On my left the rock rose by my side so steep as not to vary from a perpendicular, in the distance from my feet to my shoulder, by more than five or six inches. I saw in an instant that I could not turn on my toes, or face the cliff, without throwing my weight outside the brink of the precipice, if I happened to roll in the slightest degree; nor yet on my heels, leaning back the little I might, without having them slip off the oblique, crumbling ledge. There was no time for indecision, for the sea was jarring the cliff itself to such a degree that for the first instant or two after stopping, I felt as if that would shake me off. I saw that I had but the single choice—forward or downward. Leaning the gun against the rock, I lifted up first one foot to the other knee, and unlaced the boot and drew it off; (in Australia at that time laced boots chiefly were worn in the rural parts); then holding that by the lace with my teeth, got off the other in like manner; tied the strings together and slung them round my neck. I took up my gun and looked forward; it was but a few paces; the aboriginal had sprung across a chasm of about three feet wide at a break of the cliff, and stood on a little green knoll, the top of a land-slip made by the other section of the cliff beyond the chasm. But near the end of those few paces, I could see a spot which was rather worse than where I stood; the rock on the left more nearly perpendicular, leaving less room to lean inward, the footing narrower and more shelving. At that instant I happened to look downward. The effect was instantaneous. The sea all in commotion, the depth fearful to look into, the rock trembling;—a dizziness came over me, which only the self control aroused by such a crisis could have subdued.—Often have I wondered since at the energy in which it appeared, and the promptness with which I exercised it. For one terrible moment everything lost its fixity; sky, sea, land, all seemed shifting and heaving about like scenes in a nightmare. My frame trembled, my knees began to give way; I felt there was but another second of time between me and the eternal world. But whilst my knees were bending, and I actually sinking the first three or four inches; when, as I may say, my journey into the unknown land had begun, a further thought came. *Brace yourself—shut your eyes—stand motionless till you have recovered your self-possession—then open your eyes—look only straight forward—and make a dash at it.* I did so. I stiffened my knees by an effort. I stood with closed eyelids. I stood so for half a minute or more. But what a half minute was that! How clear did it make to me one truth: That the great problem of life is, what comes at life's close! It was well for me that I had some ulterior thought in my mind; and that it was not occupied wholly by the sense of danger. Any greater sense of the danger would probably have fatally unnerved me; for certainly, had I sunk another two or three inches, which would have been but the work of a single second, I could never have recovered my upright position. If there was ever a human being within an instant of death, and escaped it, it was I then. When I opened my eyes all was fixed and still again. I felt the jar of the rock, and heard the roar of the sea below; but to vision the rocky wall along which I had to edge my way was still enough; my guide sat crouched close to the ground on the little verdant flat ahead, intently watching me; and beyond him miles away, the dark blue polished sea marked the clear and beautiful curve along the soft azure sky. *Onward!* The gun in my inner hand, to keep my balance as secure as possible, foot beyond foot in the spirit of "Do or die," a spring across the chasm, and it was accomplished. The aboriginal, I found afterwards had given it over for a lost case; but would not speak for fear of dividing my attention and destroying any little hope that remained. Learning to travel this path when so small that there was plenty of space for him, and now traversing it without boots or clothing, or incumbrance of any kind, he had never reflected on the peril to a white man involved in traversing it under circumstances so different and disadvantageous.

I am sure there are but few who will not concede that this was a lesson of some weight, provided the subject of it were not quite a fool. Most minds will vindicate me from the imputation of weakness, in now feeling that the immortality of the soul and its destinies hereafter constituted a question no longer to be trifled with. That night I had to remain on the landslip, which was one of considerable extent, and having an easy grass-grown declivity down to the sea. I had, therefore, nothing to attract my thoughts from the subject. The aboriginal went back to his camp. Making his way across the chasm with a leap, and holding on with both arms to the corner of the rock till he had steadied himself, he tripped as lithely as a cat along the ledge, and turning an instant to laugh and say, "I believe black fellow best man," was soon out of sight. At the bottom of the cliff there was room to pass at low water; but not when the tide had been making a couple of hours. This was the reason which had induced him to take the upper way. As low water did not come on till after dark; and as it was only by watching the re-surge of the waves—and even then not without rounding some of the bolders in knee-deep water—that the seaside passage could be made good; I had to find a shelter from the breeze for the night behind some rocks and brushwood on the side of the landslip, till the tide was fully out next morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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* Plant—hide.

# THE MERRY EYE.

BY READ THORNTON.

The light of a merry eye,
In this dark world of ours,
'Tis like the blue of April's sky,
Or sunshine after showers!

Though born to trouble as we are,
And ne'er from sorrows free—
Still, merry eyes are aye the sign
Of what our life should be.

For joy is sorrow's elder born,
And shall outlive her sigh—
And sorrow's truest tears are shed
When weeps a merry eye.;

The languid life of softer lands,
Through pensive orbs may gleam,
But Saxon blood and toiling hands
Suit best a sunny beam.

My blue-eyed boy, by months too young
His infant words to try,
Tells all he needs by meaning smiles
That haunt his merry eye.

That sunshine of the heart shall live,
And cares and years defy—
E'en wrinkles radiate the light
Around a merry eye!

BENTHAM ON THE LEGAL PROFESSION.—Jeremy Bentham was not only a profound jurist but a philosopher; he spent a long life in the study and administration of law, and here is what he says in his "second letter to the Court of Toronto."

"If there is a class of men whose personal interest is in constant, necessary and direct opposition to the public interest, it is the class of lawyers. The glorious uncertainty of the law—that is the source whence they draw all the profits of their profession; that is the treasury which supplies them with delays, money and reputation. *The more difficult justice is to be got, the dearer it will sell.* It appears at the first glance, that the necessary influence of the trade which those men exercise is to inspire them with a profound indifference as between justice and injustice, right and wrong, since it is their business to hire themselves out to defend one or the other by turns. But when we come to look at the matter more closely, it is wrong which pays them best, because the success of that depends more upon their good offices than the success of right, and of course the side of injustice is that which they prefer. The Neapolitan assassin sells his arm and his dagger, receives his pay, and risks his life. The advocate at the bar sells his words, receives his money, and risks nothing. Nay, more, a perverse and senseless multitude follow him with shouts as they would a conqueror, and applauses shower on his head in proportion to the mischief that he does.

"If there is a profession which trains its members to do evil, and to avoid the punishment of it, it is this. If there is a profession which, by the habit of gain acquired by sustaining indifferently truth and falsehood, effaces from the soul all sincerity, all love of truth, it is this. If there is a profession which teaches a man, by the constant practice of his life, to sell his faculties to the highest bidder, to say anything and everything, to accuse everybody and to defend everybody for hire, to let himself out body and soul, to the employer who pays best, and consequently to be always ready to sacrifice for the slightest profit the interest of the greatest number, it is the trade of the lawyer."

BURKE'S GENEROSITY.—On walking home, one night, from the House of Commons, he was accosted by one of those wretched women who infest the public thoroughfares of a great town. Finding that the man she addressed was of a character different from that of her usual associates, she burst into tears, and told him her very painful history. It was, of course, the ordinary tale, more than ordinarily pathetic: a lady's maid—the lady's son—desertion—destitution—the streets. As she was talking to him, he arrived at his own door. There was something in the degraded object's language that struck him as sincere. Solemnly admonishing her that everything might depend upon herself, he called his housekeeper, and told her to take care of the unhappy stranger until she could be seen by Mrs. Burke. The next day, this kind lady, always ready to second her husband in his humane designs, saw the poor woman. The opportunity of amendment was afforded her, and eagerly embraced. Her benefactor had no reason to repent of his effort to save, from absolute despair, this outcast of the London streets.—*Life of Edmund Burke.*

☞ Great men lose somewhat of their greatness, by being near us; ordinary men gain much.

# LORD BYRON.

As some fault has been found with Mr. Trelawney for his having ascertained by ocular proof, after the poet's death, that both of Byron's legs were withered to the knee (as mentioned in his recent work), I may state that the fact is by no means new. A gentleman who knew Byron at Missolonghi, and who saw him both in life and death, told a friend of mine years ago, substantially what Mr. Trelawney has published, adding that the legs were so small that it was almost possible to make the thumb and first finger of the hand meet around either of them close to the knee, which it would not be possible to do with the leg of a healthy child, unless the thumb and finger should chance to be of enormous length. Mr. Trelawney mentions Mr. Hamilton Browne as sailing with himself and Byron to Greece; and it may be new to some of your readers that Mr. Browne published a very interesting account of the journey in Blackwood (1834), which is not less readable than Mr. Trelawney's book.

His details are singularly corroborative of the latter's statements on some points; but Mr. Browne mentions that Mr. Trelawney undertook to swim on a wager from Ithaca to Cephalonia, but failed because of the lateness of the hour. The distance is six miles, but it was thought to be considerably less, from the height of the land and the transparency of the atmosphere. Byron badgered his friend on what he called his failure. Six miles are no such great distance to swim, and in my Consul Plancus days, that is, when Andrew Jackson was President, I would have tried it, barring sharks and cramp. In fact, there is hardly any limit to the swimming powers of a strong, broad-chested, young man, with good wind and eye-sight, the latter being indispensable. It is not until one gets out of the water that fatigue is felt, and then it is extreme, the swimmer, as the English say, being "knocked up" for a week perhaps.

Mr. Browne mentions that Byron "was measured every day with a tape he kept for the purpose, and he also caused the girth round the loins of his fellow-passengers to be taken, with a view to ascertain in how far they approached the ideal proportions usually assigned by artists to the standard of perfection. To Gamba was adjudged the palm, and Byron claimed to be second; although for manly appearance, in my opinion, Trelawney infinitely surpassed both." He says that Trelawney "assumed the Albanian or Suliote costume, which wonderfully became him, being tall in stature and of a dark complexion, with a fine commanding physiognomy." Trelawney's Adventures of a Younger Son is the best novel ever written. Your readers will feel grateful to me if they shall be induced, from what I have said, to turn to Mr. Browne's Narrative, particularly if, like myself, they have reached to that time of life when men, to use Horace Walpole's words, devote some of their time to "lamenting the days they remember."

Capt. Chamier, who was a midshipman on board the Sabrette, when Byron was a passenger, and who was in the boat that accompanied him when he swam the Hellespont, and saw him in a state of utter nudity, does not state that Byron's legs were withered. "The deformity of limb," he says, "which annoyed him through life, was conspicuous to any man with eyes in his head; and it was perfectly impossible for any shoemaker to disguise the clump foot. I really can scarcely credit that his lordship was so mortified at this visitation of Providence, when I have seen him thousands of times sitting on the taffrail and swinging his legs about with unrestrained freedom. The fame which insured his lordship in after life made me anxious to remember his person and his manners, and I am quite satisfied that on board the Sabrette he never took any particular pains to disguise his foot. He certainly did not swim across the Hellespont in Hessian boots; and he dressed himself in the boat when he failed in his first attempt."—*Correspondent of N. Y. Times.*

THE REWARD OF GENIUS.—Solomon de Caus, who was shut up for his supposed madness in the Bicetre at Paris, seems to have been the first to conceive the idea of employing steam for moving carriages on land as well as ships at sea. Marion de Lorme, in a letter to the Marquis de Cinq-Mars, dated Paris, February, 1641, thus describes a visit paid to this celebrated mad-house in the company of the English Marquis of Worcester: "We were crossing the court, and I, more dead than alive with fright, kept close to my companion's side, when a frightful face appeared behind some immense bars, and a hoarse voice exclaimed:

"'I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery that would enrich the country that adopted it.'

"'What has he discovered?' asked our guide.

"'Oh!' answered the keeper, shrugging his shoulders, 'something trifling enough: you would never guess it; it is the use of the steam of boiling water.' I began to laugh. 'This man,' continued the keeper, 'is named Solomon de Caus: he came from Normandy four years ago, to present to the King a statement of the wonderful effects that might be produced from his invention. To listen to him, you would imagine that with steam you could navigate ships, move carriages; in fact, there is no end to the miracles which, he insists upon it, could be performed. The Cardinal sent the madman away without listening to him. Solomon de Caus, far from being discouraged, followed the Cardinal wherever he went, with the most determined perseverance, who, tired of finding him forever in his path, and annoyed at his folly, shut him up in the Bicetre.'"—*Life of George Stephenson.*

THE BRAIN IN CHILDHOOD.—It is a fact well attested by experience, that the memory may be seriously injured by pressing upon it too hardly and continuously in early life. A regulated exercise, short of fatigue, is improving to it, but we are bound to refrain from goading it by constant and laborious efforts in early life, and before the instrument is strengthened to its work, or it decays under our hands.—*Sir H. Holland's Mental Physiology.*

☞ Some stupid editor says that "if a fee of fifty cents were charged to see the sun rise, nine-tenths of the world would be up in the morning."

SIR JAMES NAPIER AND THE CAMEL.—Besides his unflinching honesty, Napier's moral character was remarkable for tenderness and geniality. When he went to the East, he made friends with his camels, and quickly insinuated himself into their good graces, and kindly clumsy ways. There is no better account than he has given of "those dear solemn camels, with their noses high up in the air, looking so philosophical, and dragging nine-pounders tied to their tails as if they were feathers." "I was struck," he says, "by one peculiarity, which makes me hope that the camel does not suffer from the horrid treatment inflicted so much as a horse or a mule. When struck by a heavy cutting whip, by the most vigorous and merciless arm, he never flinches or springs, but keeps his solemn, majestic walk, with his nose in the air, as if not touched; if he is drawing, you perceive a sudden increase of energy, but no sudden pull, no indication of pain—nor does he groan. Poor, patient brutes! I pity them much, and hope to save them and ourselves from the cursed fools who overload them. In the desert the camel has no rival—his great splay feet never sink into the sand; heat never worries him; he defies thirst beyond any other beast, and eats all that is to be had; nor does he require a great deal. All he asks is not to be overloaded; and nature has pointed this out so clearly to him and us, that the beast, who shows no sign of pain or complaint when whipped, makes piteous moanings and growlings when too much is being put upon him."

THE "RED SEA" GREEN.—Blue, I have called the sea—yet not strictly so, save in the far distance. It is neither a red nor a blue sea; but emphatically green—yes, green, of the most brilliant kind I ever saw. This is produced by the immense tracts of shallow water, with yellow sand beneath, which always gives this green to the sea, even in the absence of verdure on the shore or seaweeds beneath. The blue of the sky and the yellow of the sands, meeting and intermingling in the water, form the green of the sea; the water being the medium in which the mixture or fusing of the colors takes place.—*The Desert of Sinai. By H. Bonar, D. D.*

☞ It is a characteristic of narrow-minded men, that they grasp the few ideas which lie within the limited circle of their comprehension with a clearness which often deceives us in our estimate of their intellect. They are like beggars, who know the stamp and date of every penny in their pockets.

# Useful Receipts.

LIGHT SUMMER TABLE BEER.—Upon a bushel (of forty quarts) of malt, pour enough of boiling water to enable you to draw off 100 quarts of wort. Put into the wort half a pound of hops, and boil it an hour. Having washed your mashing tub well from the grains, pour the wort into it, and, when cooled to the temperature of new milk, add in summer half a pint of yeast, in winter a little more. Cover the tub with a cloth, and let it work till next day; pour it into your barrel before it begins to sink, and rack it before the barrel is stopped up. It will be fit to drink in a fortnight or three weeks.—F. A. T., *Garthynl, Shrewsbury.*

RECIPE FOR A CHEAP BEER.—A correspondent makes inquiry in reference to brewing spruce beer. As many of your subscribers may be benefited by the following recipe, I take pleasure in forwarding it to you. I use it in preference to *coffee* in the morning, in preference to *wine* at dinner, and consider it superior to *tea* at supper. It is a valuable aperient, and for dyspeptic patients is a valuable medicine.

Prepare a five or ten gallon keg, in proportion to the size of the family—draw a piece of coarse bobinet or very coarse book muslin over the end of the faucet that is inserted into the keg, to prevent its choking, prepare a good tight bung, and near to that a gimlet hole, with a peg to fit it tight.

*Recipe for Five Gallons.*—One quart of sound corn, put into the keg, with half a gallon of molasses; then fill with cold water to within two inches of the bung. Shake well, and in two or three days it will be fit for use. Bung tight.

If you want spruce flavor, add one teaspoon of essence of spruce—lemon, if lemon is preferred—ginger, or any flavor your prefer. The corn will last to make five or six brewings; when it is exhausted, renew it. When the beer passes from the vinous to the ascetous fermentation it can be corrected by adding a little more molasses and water.

This is a simple, cheap beverage, costing about three cents a gallon. After the beer becomes ripe, it ought to be kept in a cool place, to prevent it from becoming sour before it is exhausted.—*Corres. Country Gentleman.*

TO TAKE GREASE SPOTS OUT OF PAPERED WALLS.—With a piece of flannel, dipped in spirits of wine, go carefully over the injured parts once (or twice, if very bad), when the spots will be entirely erased from the paper, which will look as well as ever.

AN EASY METHOD OF CLEANING BLACK KID BOOTS.—Take three parts of the white of eggs, and one of the best black ink, mix them together thoroughly, and apply the mixture to the article with a soft sponge. I have never known this to fail.

TO CLEAN AND REMOVE FLYMARKS FROM GILT FRAMES.—First cleanse the gilding with a camel's hair brush, using the following detergent fluid for the purpose: Water, one pint; borax, half an ounce; carbonate of ammonia, a quarter of an ounce. Use the fluid freely with the brush, doing the frame in portions of about a foot at a time. Let the frame dry by the ordinary influence of the air, but do not attempt to rub it with either linen or silk upon any account. When the frame is dry, those portions which are very much worn may be restored by touching the parts with another fine brush imbued with shell gold that is sold by the artists' color-men.

NEW PAINT.—To get rid of the smell of paint, put a handfull of hay in a pail of water, and let it stand in the room—or roast a few grains of coffee in the room—or bring them in directly after being roasted.

## THE EXEMPLARY WIFE.

Oh, blest is he whose arms infold
A consort virtuous as fair;
Her price is far above the gold
That worldly spirits love to share.
On her, as on a beauteous isle
Amid life's dark and stormy sea,
In all his troubles, all his toil,
He rests with deep security.

Even in the night-watch dark and lone,
The distaff fills her busy hand:
Her husband in the gates is known
Among the elders of the land;
Her household all delight to share
The food and raiment she bestows—
And she with a kind parent's care
Regards their weakness and their woes.

Her pitying hand supplies the poor,
The widowed one, the orphan child,
Like birds assembled round her door,
When sweeps the winter tempest wild.
Her lips with love and wisdom fraught,
Drop, like the honey-comb, their sweets;
The young are by her dictates taught,
The mourner her condolence meets.

Her lovely babes around her rise—
Fair scions of a holy stem!
And deeply shall her bosom prize
The blessings she receives from them.
Beauty is vain as summer bloom
To which a transient fate is given;
But hers awaits a lasting doom
In the eternal bowers of heaven.

# RUSHING HEADLONG INTO MARRIAGE.

## CHAPTER I.

A dazzling gleam of white favors flashed into the admiring eyes of numerous spectators, as a string of carriages and horses turned prancing away from the church of a noted suburb of the metropolis. The gay and handsome Augusta Marsh had become Mrs. Courtenay, and the bridal party were now returning home to partake of the wedding breakfast.

Dr. Marsh, a physician, was popular in his small locality, and his five daughters were attractive girls, fully expecting to make good marriages, although it was understood that they would have no fortune, for the doctor lived up to his income, if not beyond it. The first to carry out the expectation was Augusta, who married Captain Courtenay.

The captain was only a captain by courtesy. He had sold out of the army and lived upon his property, five hundred pounds a year. Quite sufficient to marry upon, thought Augusta; but the captain, what with his club, and his tailor, and his opera, and his other bachelor expenses, had found it little enough for himself. He met Augusta Marsh, fell in love with her, and determined to renounce folly and settle down into a married man. Dr. Marsh had no objection, Augusta had less; so a home was set up at Brompton, and this was the wedding-day.

It need not be described; they are all alike: if the reader has passed his, he knows what it is; if not, he can live in expectation. Captain and Mrs. Courtenay departed at two o'clock on their wedding tour, the guests followed, and the family were left alone, to themselves and to Aunt Clem. Aunt Clem, a sister of Dr. Marsh's, rejoiced in the baptismal name of Clementine, which had been long since shortened by her nieces into Clem. She was a woman of some judgment, shrewd and penetrating, especially with regard to her nieces' faults, and whenever Aunt Clem wrote word from the country that she was coming on a visit, they called it a black-letter day.

"I am so upset!" uttered Mrs. Marsh, sitting down with a half groan.

"That's through eating custard in a morning," said Aunt Clem.

"Eating nonsense," returned Mrs. Marsh. "Did you see that young man who sat next to —which of the girls was it?—to you, Annis, I think; did you notice him, Clementina?"

"Yes. A nice-looking man."

"Nice-looking! Why, he has not got a handsome feature in his face!"

"A nice countenance, for all that," persisted Aunt Clem. "One you may confide in at the first glance. What of him?"

"I am horribly afraid he is going to propose for one of the girls. He dropped some words to me; and now, instead of leaving the house, he is down stairs, closeted with the doctor. Which of you girls is it that has been setting him on to do this?" cried Mrs. Marsh, abruptly turning to her daughters. "Annis, what are you looking so red for?"

Annis Marsh did look red, and very conscious. An attachment, hidden hitherto from all but themselves, existed between her and Geoffry Lance, and they had come to the resolution to make it known. Mrs. Marsh's surmise that he was now speaking to the doctor was correct; and the doctor came up with the news.

"What answer did you give him?" asked Mrs. Marsh.

"Told him that if he and Annis had made up their minds to try it, I should not say nay," replied the doctor. "And asked him to come in to spend the evening."

Mrs. Marsh looked daggers; three of the young ladies looked the same. "Let them marry, Dr. Marsh! let them marry upon nothing!"

"Oh, come, it's not so bad as that," said the doctor. "He has three hundred pounds a year. What did you and I begin life upon, old lady, eh? Annis, ask your mamma if it was not considerably less than that."

"Nonsense!" crossly responded Mrs. Marsh, as the doctor went out, laughing. "The cases are not all alike, Annis; you must see that they are not. Your papa's was a rising profession; and Lance will stick at his three hundred a year all his life."

"What is this Mr. Lance?" inquired Aunt Clem. "A gentleman?"

"Oh, of course a gentleman. He was bringing up for the Bar, but his father died, and there was a hitch about money. I believe he did eat his terms and get called, but he had nothing left to live upon while practice came, and was glad to accept the secretaryship of a public institution. He gets £300 a year, and he'll never get more, for it is a fixed salary, not a rising one. Don't be led into absurdity, Annis."

"Mamma," said Annis, going up to her and speaking in a low tone, full of emotion, "I will never marry contrary to your approbation, neither would Geoffry take me on such terms. But I hope you will not hold out against us. I have heard you say how much you liked him."

"So I do, Annis," answered Mrs. Marsh, somewhat appeased by the words and tone, "but you never heard me say that I liked his income, or thought him a desirable match for one of my daughters. Three hundred a year! It's quite ridiculous, child."

"We have considered it in all points. dearest mamma, and talked it over a great deal," resumed Annis, timidly, "and we feel sure that we shall do very well upon it, and live comfortably. You know I have had some experience in keeping house on small means, at Aunt Ruttley's."

"For goodness' sake, Annis, don't bring up Aunt Ruttley," interrupted Sophy Marsh.—"The poor curate's stipend is but a hundred a year, with the parsonage to live in and a flock of children to fill it. You are head cook and bottle washer when you are staying there, I expect. They must live upon bread and cheese half their time, and pinch and contrive from year's end to year's end."

"But do you not see that my insight into how they manage their pinching and contriving will be of great service to me?" returned Annis, in a patient tone. "Mamma, I know I could manage well on three hundred a year, and have everything comfortable. You should detect no pinching in my house, come as often as you would."

"If Lance had a prospect of an increase—of rising to five or six hundred in the course of a few years—I would let you promise to marry him then, with all my heart, Annis."

"But the very fact of his not having it, of his income being a fixed one, has induced us to wish to risk it, mamma. If we wait, it will be no better; and—oh, mamma! pray don't say that we must separate!"

"Annis, child," interrupted Aunt Clem, "if you spend three hundred the first year, you'll want four the second, and five the third."

"But we do not intend to spend three the first year," said Annis, quickly. "Our old nurse had a favorite saying, which she always impressed upon us when we saw the sugar cup fall and asked for more sugar. I repeated it one day to Geoffry, and made him laugh.—'Spare at the sack's mouth.' It is what we mean to do with our income."

"No unmarried girl can form an idea how expenses increase after the first few months," continued Aunt Clem.

"I suppose they do," assented Annis. "The wear and tear of furniture, which must be replaced, and the breakages, and the buying new clothes, when those laid in at the wedding are worn out. All that comes."

"Ah," said Aunt Clem, "there's something worse comes. Babies."

"Oh—babies," said Annis, in a dubious tone, "I have heard they bring love with them."

"It is to be hoped they do, poor things," sharply rejoined Aunt Clem, "or I don't know what would become of them. But they don't bring money."

"Well," said Annis, with a glowing cheek, "we have determined to try it, with all its hazards, if only papa and mamma will approve."

"And suppose your papa and mamma do not approve."

"Then we must wait patiently for better days," sighed Annis.

"And live upon hope," said Aunt Clem, "which is about as satisfactory as living upon air. Well, Annis, I side with you. You shall have my helping word for it."

"You are not serious, Clementina!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsh.

"Indeed I am. I should not counsel every girl to marry upon three hundred a year, but Annis and Mr. Lance seem to have well considered what they are about, and are prepared to make the best of its difficulties."

## CHAPTER II.

In a neighborhood where house-rent was cheaper than at Brompton, but within a walk of it, did Mr. and Mrs. Lance settle down. For the full consent of Mrs. Marsh was won over, the wedding took place, and they were fairly launched in life, for better or for worse, upon their three hundred a year. Their rent was thirty-five pounds, and for its size the house was really a handsome-looking house, which a gentleman need not be ashamed to acknowledge as his residence. Income and other taxes amounted to about fifteen, and the fifty pounds was a large item out of their income: there was also the fire and life insurance. Annis seemed fully determined to carry out her scheme of economy: though, in doing this, she gave great umbrage, in one or two points, to some of her family. Upon the return of Mrs. Marsh and her daughters from their two months' annual sojourn at the sea-side, the young ladies hastened to call upon Annis, who had then been married about five months. It should be observed that Annis, being of a quiet, patient, useful disposition, had always been considerably dictated to and snubbed by her sisters; and now that she was married they forgot to discontinue the habit.

"Such bad management, Annis!" began Sophy at once. "Three o'clock in the day, and your cook answered the door to us. Where was Rebecca?"

"Rebecca is gone," replied Mrs. Lance. "I have only Mary."

"Only Mary!" uttered Miss Sophy, aghast. "Emily, did you hear that? What can you mean, Annis?"

"Well, it happened in this way," said Annis. "Rebecca did not suit; she was careless, insolent to Mary, and caused much trouble. So I gave her warning. It then occurred to me that as my wedding visits had been all paid to me, and we were not likely to see much ceremonious company, I might as well, for a time, keep only Mary. So I spoke to Geoffry, and he told me to try it if I liked, and Mary said she would rather be alone than have the annoyance of a servant like Rebecca. You cannot think how well it answers. Mary is a most superior servant, knows her work, and does it thoroughly; and she is always tidy. You know her to be the cook, but you could not have told it from her appearance. She is not fine, it is true, but more respectable-looking than many of the house and parlor maids."

"But such a degrading thing to keep only one servant!" remonstrated Miss Marsh. "Like the common people!"

"Ours is only a common income," answered Annis. "I told papa what I had done, one day that he drove here to see me, and he praised me for it."

"Oh, papa has such old-fashioned notions; something like your own, Annis. Wait till you hear what mamma says to it. One servant! it must tell against you with all your friends."

"No," replied Mrs. Lance, warmly; "or, if it could, they would be friends not worth retaining. If they came here and found my house full of confusion, of discomfort, my servant dirty, myself unpresentable, they might have cause; but excepting that they do not see two servants, everything is as orderly and nice as when Rebecca was here. I and my husband are not the less gentle-people, and I am sure that they rather respect us the more for sacrificing custom to right. If we happen to have any one to dine with us, or two or three friends for the evening, Mary sends round for her sister, who waits nicely."

"But how on earth do you manage with one servant? Augusta, with her three, complains bitterly that the work is not half done."

"There is an impression with many inexperienced people that the larger your number of servants, the less is your work done," smiled Mrs. Lance. "There is really not so much to do in this house, and plenty of time to do it in. We breakfast at eight, which gives Geoffry—"

"My gracious! Eight! Do you contrive to get up?"

"Yes," said Annis, "and like it much better than our lazy hours at home. By nine, or soon after, Geoffry leaves; which gives him time to walk in comfortably to the office by a quarter to ten."

"You don't mean to say he walks!"

"Yes, and walks home, except in very bad weather. He says were it not for this walk, night and morning, he should not have sufficient exercise to keep him in health; and of course it is so much omnibus money saved. He laughs at those gentlemen who ride into town, and sit stewing in their chambers, or in an office or counting-house all day, especially those who have need to be frugal, as we have, and then ride home again; no exercise, no saving, and in time it will be no health. Well—Geoffry goes at nine, then Mary takes away the breakfast-things, washes them up, puts her kitchen straight, and goes to her up-stairs work, which in our house is not much. By eleven o'clock she has frequently changed her gown and cap, and has no more to do till time to prepare for dinner at five. One day she asked me if I could not give her some socks of master's to darn, as she did not like sitting with her hands before her."

"Your house is quite a prodigy-house," cried Sophy, in a tone bordering on sarcasm. "It seems there's never any cleaning going on."

"I did not say so," retorted Annis. "In a small house—small compared to ours at home—with only three people in it, and the paint, and carpets, and furniture all new, there is not a great deal of cleaning required, but what there is, is punctually done. Mary has her days for it, and on those days I help."

"With the scrubbing?" asked Miss Marsh, with an impervious face.

"No," laughed Annis. "While she does that, I go into the kitchen, wash up the breakfast-things, and should it be required, set forward with the dinner."

"Set forward for a five o'clock dinner at nine in the morning?"

"Yes, all that can be done of it. I make the pudding or the pie, should we be going to have one that day; or, if there is any meat to be hashed, I cut it up; those sort of things. Then I dust the drawing-room—and indeed I generally do that, for its ornaments take so long, and on these busy days I dust my own bedroom; and, in short, do many little odds and ends of work, so that Mary gets over her cleaning and is dressed almost as soon as on other days."

"It is a fortunate thing Mr. Lance's choice fell upon you, Annis. We should not like to be degraded to do the business of a servant-of-all-work."

"There is no degradation in it," cried Annis, with spirit; "what degradation can there be? Were I a nobleman's daughter or a millionaire's, my condescending to know practically anything about it might be perhaps beneath me, quite out of place; but in our class of life—yes, Emily, I speak of ours, mine and yours—it is anything but derogatory to help in these domestic trifles. If it takes me an hour a day—and it does not take me more on an average, I don't know what it may do in time—what then? It is an hour well spent; an hour that I might fritter away, if I did not have it to do. It does not make my hands coarse, less fit for my drawing afterwards or my embroidery, and it does not soil my nice morning dress, for I have made a large brown holland apron to go nearly all round me, and I turn up my sleeves; in short, it does not render me one whit less the lady, when I sit in my drawing-room and receive any friend who may call upon me. Do I look less like one to you?"

"Pshaw, Annis! You picked up these notions of kitchen management at poor Aunt Ruttley's, but you ought not to be forming your ideas upon them."

"And very glad I am that I did pick them up. But if I had not, if I had had as little experience in domestic usefulness as you, I believe they would have come to me with the necessity."

"Oh, no doubt," said Sophy, scornfully; "you were inclined by nature to these low-lived notions, Annis."

"There are notions abroad," gravely responded Mrs. Lance, "that for people in our pretentious class of society (I cannot help calling it so, for we ape the ideas and manners only suited to those far above us), all participation in, all acquaintance even, with domestic duties is a thing to be ashamed of, never to be owned to, but contemptuously denied. They are wrong notions, wicked notions: false and hollow: for they lead to embarrassment, to unpaid debts, to the wronging of our neighbors; and the sooner the fashion goes out, the more sensible society will prove itself. I don't know which is the worst: a woman who entirely neglects to look after her household, where her station and circumstances demand it, or one who makes herself a domestic drudge. Both extremes are bad, and both should be avoided."

"Do you mean that as a cut at Augusta?" asked Miss Marsh—"the neglecting of her household?"

"No, Emily, I was speaking generally," replied Mrs. Lance; "though I wish Augusta did look a little more to hers. It would have been well for us, I think, had mamma brought us up in a more domestic manner. There is another fallacy of the present day: the bringing up young ladies to play and dance, but utterly incapable as to the ruling of a household."

"Speak for yourself, if you please, Annis.—We would rather be excused kitchen rule."

"Why, look at Augusta," returned Mrs. Lance; "would it be well for her, or not, to check and direct her household? Their expenditure must be very large; too large, I fear, for the captain's income."

"At any rate, you seem determined not to err on the same side. Take care you do not degenerate into the other, the domestic drudge, Annis."

"I shall never do that—at least if I know myself," quickly replied Mrs. Lance. "I have too much regard for my husband, am too solicitous to retain his respect and affection; a domestic drudge cannot remain a refined, well-informed woman, an enlightened companion.—We keep up our literary tastes, our reading; and our evenings are delightful. No, I shall escape that, I hope, Emily, though I am learning to iron."

"I wonder you don't learn to wash," indignantly retorted Miss Marsh.

"I did wash a pair of lace sleeves the other morning," laughed Mrs. Lance, "but they turned out so yellow that Mary had to submit them to some whitening process of her own, and I do not think I shall try again. She washes all my lace things and Geoffry's collars, and she is teaching me to iron them. Ironing was an accomplishment I did not see much of, at the parsonage, for I believe everything in the whole weekly wash was mangled, except my uncle's shirts and bands. His surplice always was; aunt used to say he would know no better. I am trying to be very useful, I assure you. I go to market."

"Go to where?"

"To market. To the butcher's, and the greengrocer's, and to the other tradespeople. Not every day, but on a Saturday always, and perhaps once in the week besides."

"To save the legs of the boys who come round for orders?" asked Miss Jemima Marsh, who was a very silent girl, and rarely spoke.

"No. To save Geoffry's pocket," replied Mrs. Lance. "For the first two or three months we ordered everything that way, but I found it would not do. With meat, especially. We had unprofitable pieces, without knowing the weight, without knowing the price; for in delivering the orders to the boy, the butcher of course sends what he likes, and charges what he likes. Now that I go myself to the butcher's, I choose my meat and see it weighed, and know the price of everything before I buy it. It is a very great saving."

"I don't think Annis is wrong there," decided Sophy, "for many very good families go to market themselves."

"And I wish more did," added Mrs. Lance. "I wish you could persuade Augusta into doing so. *I* spoke to her about it, and she asked me whether I was out of my mind."

"There is less occasion for Mrs. Courtenay to trouble herself," said Miss Marsh, loftily; "she did not marry upon three hundred a year."

"Well, I am very happy," said Annis, brightly, "although we have but three hundred a year."

"And one servant," interposed Miss Marsh.

"And one servant," laughed Annis. "But I do assure you, we manage better without Rebecca than with her; and as we shall be obliged in a few months's time to take a second servant, I thought we ought to do with one until then."

"There!" uttered Sophy. "That's just what Aunt Clem said. I know it is, and you need not prepare to deny it, Annis. You mean that the babies will be beginning."

## CHAPTER III.

The babies did begin. "Tiresome little crying creatures," was Aunt Clem's comment; "they are sure to come whether they are wanted or not, and the worst of it is, there's no end to them, no knowing where they'll stop."

And the time went on, and they still came; went on till Mrs. Courtenay had three, and Mrs. Lance two, the former to her unspeakable dismay.

For she could not afford it. No; Captain and Mrs. Courtenay had afforded themselves too many luxuries, to leave room for that of babies. They had committed a terrible mistake in marrying upon their five hundred a year, and that not an increasing income. It was not only that they had set up their household and begun housekeeping upon a scale that would absorb every shilling of it, but the ex-captain, accustomed to his clubs and their expensive society, was not a man who could practise economy out of doors, any more than his wife understood it in. The captain could not put on a soiled pair of gloves, he could not give up his social habits, he never dreamt of such a thing as not going to the opera several times in the season, and to the theatres *ad libitum*, his wife being often with him, it never occurred to him to give up his daily bottle of expensive wine, and he rarely scrupled to take a cab, when an omnibus, or his own legs, would have served as well. They began housekeeping upon three servants; two maids, and a tiger, who eat as much as the whole house put together. The house was larger than that of Mrs. Lance, and they kept more company, but two efficient servants, with proper management, might have done the work well; only it was necessary, for appearances' sake, so both Captain and Mrs. Courtenay deemed, to take (not being able to afford a footman) either a third maid or a tiger: and they took the last-named article. Next came the babies, and with the advent of the first, the tiger was discharged and a third maid taken in his place: and now that there were three children there were four maids.

Captain and Mrs. Courtenay also liked to go out of town in autumn, and they were fond of gaiety, went to parties and gave them. Their housekeeping was on an extensive scale compared with their income; Mrs. Courtenay was no manager, she knew literally nothing of practical domestic details when she married, and she did not seek to acquire them; her servants were improvident and wasteful, she could not shut her eyes to that; but her attempts at remedying the evil only amounted to an occasional storm of scolding, and to the sending off cook after cook. They got into debt, they grew deeper into it with every month and year; and Captain Courtenay, besieged out of his seven senses, was fain to patch up matters by borrowing money of a gentleman named Ishmael Levi. Of course he fleeced him wholesale.

Their real troubles of life were looming ominously near, the fruits of their short-sighted union, of their improvident course. Captain Courtenay and his wife, with their five hundred a year, had launched into marriage, their friends crowing over their sure prospects; Mr. Lance and Annis, and their despised three hundred, had been browbeaten in society for daring to risk it; but the despised ones were conquerors, and the landed ones had failed. How was it? The one party had looked their future full in the face, and deliberately resolved to confine their simple desires within less than their income, arming themselves against temptation: the other had not so looked at it, but had got themselves into embarrassment, through what they would have called sheer inability to keep out of it. They had not calculated; they had begun life too expensively; had not controlled their self-indulgences; everything was on too large a scale; and now neither knew how to go back to a smaller.

They were sitting together one dull winter's day, very dull themselves, and talking over the aspect of affairs in a dull strain. The aspect was worse than either thought; Mrs. Courtenay really did not know its extent, and the captain was careless and blind. The captain had received his quarterly income, and had immediately parted with most of it, for sundry demands were pressing. How they were to go to the next quarter, and the Christmas bills were to be paid, were hidden in the womb of the future.

"They are so much larger than usual," murmured Captain Courtenay, drawing a china basket towards him, the bills' receptacle, and leisurely proceeding to unfold some of them.

"Each year brings additional expense," remarked Mrs. Courtenay. "Four servants cost more than three; not to speak of the children; though they are but little expense yet."

Captain Courtenay had the contents of one of the bills under his eye at the time his wife spoke.

"Little expense, you say, Augusta! I suppose this is for them, and it's pretty near £20. It's headed 'Clark's Baby-linen Warehouse.'"

"I meant in the matter of food. Of course they have to be clothed; and I don't know anything more costly than infants' dress. Cambric, and lace, and bassinettes, and all the rest of it."

"So I should think," quoth the captain; "Here's thirty shillings for six shirts. Do you put babies into shirts?"

"What else should we put them into?"

"How long are they—a foot? Five shillings a shirt! Why, it's nearly as much as I give for mine."

"Delicate French cambric, trimmed with Valenciennes," explained Mrs. Courtenay. "We can't dress a baby in hopsacking."

"Lace is the largest item in the bill. Here's three pounds eighteen shillings for lace, Augusta."

"Oh, they are dreadful little things to destroy their cap borders. When they get three or four months old, up go their hands and away they pull, and the lace is soon in tatters. This last darling baby has already destroyed two."

"Throw off their caps and let them pull at their own heads, if they want to pull," cried the captain. "That's how I should cure them, Augusta."

"Would you," retorted Mrs. Courtenay. "A baby without a cap is frightful. Except for its long white robes, nobody could tell whether it was a monkey or a child."

"Some of this lace is charged half-a-crown a yard, and some three and sixpence."

"The three and sixpenny was for the christening. Of course *that* had to be good."

"I saw some lace marked up at twopence a yard, yesterday, in Oxford street, quite as pretty as any the baby wears, for all I can see. That would be good enough to wear, Augusta."

"My dear, as you don't understand babies' things, the remark may be excused," said Mrs. Courtenay. "Common rubbish of cotton lace is not fit—"

"Hallo!" shouted the captain, with an emphasis that startled his wife, as he opened another of the bills, "here's £94 for meat this year!"

"So I saw," mournfully replied Mrs. Courtenay.

"How can we have eaten meat to that amount? We can't have eaten it."

"I suppose we have not eaten it, you and I; but it has been consumed in the house," was the testy rejoinder of Mrs. Courtenay, whose conscience secretly accused her of something being radically wrong in the housekeeping department, and which she, its head, did not know how to set to rights.

"Besides the fish and poultry bills, and lots of game we had sent us, and I sometimes dining at the club! How is it, Augusta?"

"I wish I could tell how it is," she answered: that is, I wish I could tell how to lessen it. The bills come in weekly, and I look them over, and there's not a single joint that seems to have been had in unnecessarily. They do eat enormously in the kitchen, but how is it to be prevented? We cannot lock up the food."

"The servants must be outrageously extravagant."

"I often tell you so, but you don't listen, and I am at continual warfare with the cook. As to the butter that goes, it must melt, for it never can be used. She makes out that you and I and the children eat four pounds of fresh every week. And they are so exacting about their own dinner. They are not satisfied with what remains of meat may be in the house, and making it do, meat that I know would be amply sufficient, but must have something in addition—pork chops, or sausages, or something of the sort. And thus the meat bill runs up."

Captain Courtenay answered only by a gesture of annoyance. Perhaps his wife took it to reflect upon herself.

"But what am I to do, Robert? I cannot go and preside at their dinner, and portion it out; and I cannot say so-and-so is enough and you shall have no more, when cook declares it is not. I tell them they are not to eat meat at supper, but I may as well tell the sun not to shine, for I know they do. I would turn them off to-morrow, all the lot, if I thought I could change for the better, but I might only get worse, for they would be sure to go and give the place a bad name, out of revenge."

"Can't you change the cook?"

"I have changed her three times in the last year, and each one seems to have less notion of economy than the last. They are fair spoken before my face and second all I say, but the extravagance is not diminished."

Captain Courtenay opened the bills, bill by bill, and laid them in a stack on the table. "Augusta," said he, in a gravely serious tone, "we must retrench, or we shall soon be in a hobble."

"I am willing," answered his wife; "but where can we begin?"

"Let us consider," resumed the captain, thoughtfully; "where can it be? It cannot be in the rent and taxes, of course they must go on just the same, and the insurance, and I must pay the interest of the money we owe, and we must have our meals as usual. We must dismiss one of the servants."

"That's equally impossible," returned Mrs. Courtenay. "Which would you dismiss? Three children, two of them in arms, as one may say, require two nurses, and cannot be attended to without. Then there must be two for the house; one could not wait, and cook, and clean, and answer the door—oh, impossible."

Captain Courtenay leaned his head upon his hand: it did indeed seem as if there was not the slightest loophole in the domestic department which afforded a chance of retrenchment.

"Miss Marsh," said the housemaid, ushering in a lady.

Mrs. Courtenay looked round for her sister Emily, but it was Aunt Clem.

"Well," said she, as the captain, with whom she was a favorite, ensconced her in the warmest seat, "and how are you getting on?"

"Middling," laughed the captain. "Looking blue over the Christmas bills."

"Ah," said Aunt Clem, as she took off her bonnet, "they are often written on blue paper. You should settle your bills weekly; it is the safest and most economical plan; if you let them run on, you pay for it through the nose."

"I wish these accounts could be paid, even through the nose," cried the captain. "Our expenses are getting the mastery, Aunt Clem, and we cannot see where to retrench. We were talking about it now."

"Is that heap all bills? Let me look at them. You need have no secrets from an old woman like me."

The captain tossed them into her lap, and the first she looked at happened to be the one for the baby linen. Aunt Clem studied it through her spectacles, and then studied Augusta's face.

"Never saw anything so extravagant in my life. Who did you think you were buying for? One of the little princesses?"

Augusta was too nettled to reply.

"I don't see that a baby ought to cost as much as a man," put in the captain; "but Augusta tells me I know nothing about it. I could get half a dozen shirts for thirty shillings."

"Of course you could. And these ought to have cost six."

"How, aunt!" resentfully ejaculated Augusta. "How, pray?"

"Six shillings at the very outside. You should have bought the lawn and made them yourself."

"Babies' shirts at a shilling apiece!" said Augusta, scornfully. "These are richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion, Aunt Clem."

"Trim my old bedgown with Valenciennes!" irreverently snapped Aunt Clem. "It would be just as sensible a trick. Who sees the shirt when the baby has got it on? Nonsense, Augusta! Valenciennes lace may be very well in its proper place, but not for those who can't pay their Christmas bills."

Augusta was indignant. The captain only smiled.

"What's this last?" continued Aunt Clem. "Lace?—four pounds, less two shillings, for lace? Here, take your bill; I have seen enough of it. No wonder you find your accounts heavy, if they are all on this scale."

"It is not dear," fired Augusta. "Half-a-crown a yard—the other was for the christening—is cheap for babies' lace."

"I told Augusta I saw some yesterday in a shop window at twopence a yard, and it looked as well," observed the captain.

"I don't quite say that," said Aunt Clem; "twopenny lace would neither look nor wear well. But there's another sort of lace, of medium quality, used almost exclusively for infants' caps: this man, Clark, sells quantities of it——"

"Trumpery cotton trash!" interrupted Mrs. Courtenay.

"It is a very pretty lace, rich-looking and durable," went on Aunt Clem, disdaining the interruption, "and if not thread, it looks like it, but I believe it to be thread. It will last for two children, and it costs about ninepence a yard. Annis has never bought any other."

"How can you say so, aunt? I'm sure her children's caps always look nice."

"I know they do. You don't believe in this lace, because you have not looked out for it," observed Aunt Clem. "You go to Clark's—stepping out of a cab, I dare say, at the door—and ask to look at some good nursery lace. Of course they show you the good, the real, they don't attempt to show you anything inferior. But Annis, when she was buying these things, went to Clark's—and I happened to be with her: she did not ask, off-hand, for rich lace, or real lace, she said, 'Have you a cheaper description of lace that will wear and answer the purpose?' and they showed her what I tell you of. She bought no other, and very well it has worn and looks; it lasted her first baby, and it is lasting this one. I was so pleased with her method of going to work—not in the way of caps alone, mind you, but of everything—that I sent her four yards of pillow lace from the country for a best cap for her child. At the time you were married," added Aunt Clem, looking at them both over her spectacles, "I said you would not do half as well as Lance and Annis, though you had nearly double their income. You are the wrong sort of folks."

"At any rate, I cannot be expected to understand lace," said the captain.

"But you might understand other things, and give them up," returned Aunt Clem. "You might give up your West-end society, and your gaieties, and your extravagant mode of dressing—"

"I'm sure I don't dress extravagantly," interrupted the captain.

"I'm sure you do," said Aunt Clem: "in that way you are worse than Augusta, and she's fine enough. It may not be extravagant in the abstract, but it is extravagant in proportion to your income. You might also give up having parties at home, and going out to them, and your wine at your club, and your theatres. Unless a man, who has only a limited income, can resign these amusements, he has no right to marry. But in saying this, I wish to cast no reflection on those who cannot: all men are not calculated by nature to economize in domestic privacy: only, let such keep single."

"I suppose you think I was not," laughed Captain Courtenay.

"I am positive you were not. Nor Augusta either. And you'll have a hard fight and tussle before you can submit to its hardships. They will be sore hardships to you; to Lance and his wife they are pleasures: yet he is just as much of a gentleman as you are, and was brought up as expensively. But you are of totally different dispositions."

"What a pity we were not differently paired, since they are the two clever ones, and we the incapables; I with Lance, and Annis with Robert!" exclaimed Augusta, sarcastically.

"Then there would be four incapables instead of two—or what would amount to the same," unceremoniously observed Aunt Clem. "You would have spent poor Lance out of house and home; and Annis would have led a weary and wretched life of it for the captain's expenses out of doors would have rendered futile her economy at home. No, you have been rightly paired. You have not half the comfort with your five hundred a year, that they have upon three."

"Go on, go on, Aunt Clem," cried Augusta; "why don't you magnify them into angels? More comfort than we have! Look at our superior home, our mode of life, and compare it with theirs; their paltry two servants and their shabby living. I don't suppose they taste wine once in a month."

"And *not* tasting it, do not feel the want of it. But when you say shabby living, you are prejudiced, Augusta. Though their dinners are plain, though they may consist generally but of one dish of roast meat, or steaks, or cutlets, besides the vegetables, there is always plenty, and what more can people want than their—stomachs—full. It used to be belly in my days, but I suppose the *present* age would be shocked out of its refinement to hear that word now."

The captain laughed, for Aunt Clem had talked herself into a heat. "As to wine, Lance might surely manage to allow himself half a pint every day," said he.

"If Lance were intent on his own gratification, I dare say he would," answered Aunt Clem.

"He and Annis might be comfortable in housekeeping matters on three hundred a year."

"Remarkably so," was Aunt Clem's response. "But the worst of it is, there are other expenses, and plenty of them. Rent, taxes, insurance, clothes, wages, doctors, omnibuses, books, newspapers, and wear and tear of linen and furniture, besides church and charity, for Lance and his wife have nothing of the heathen about them. None of these items come under the head of eatables and drinkables, but all have to be provided for out of the three hundred a year. What's your butcher's bill annually?" abruptly asked Aunt Clem.

"Ninety-four pounds this year," said the captain.

Aunt Clem groaned. "That comes of having two dinners."

"How do you mean? We only eat one dinner a day."

"Two dinners," repeated Aunt Clem; "one for you, and another for the servants. They ought to dine after you."

"But the servants must dine," said Mrs. Courtenay. "It cannot signify, as to cost, whether they dine early or late."

"It signifies everthing, and by having two dinners the meat bill gets almost doubled. What are your servants having for dinner to-day?"

"To-day—oh, they have a shoulder of mutton."

"And what shall you have?"

"We are going to have some minced veal and a fowl."

"Minced veal! the most unprofitable dish anybody can put upon their table. You may eat an unlimited quantity. Three pounds, solid weight, would be nothing to a man, and he'd be hungry after it. But that's not my present argument. If you had but one dinner, the shoulder of mutton would have served you all; your table first and theirs afterwards, and there'd be one expense. And the servants cannot have their fling over the meat so uncontrolled; less comes into the house; less remains cold; and cold meat does not go so far as hot, and when hashed and minced it gets half wasted."

"Our servants won't dine on cold meat above twice a week, I know that," said Mrs. Courtenay. "But as to their dining after us, they would say they could not wait: they would leave first."

"Then they should leave—and with great pleasure, I should say," cried Aunt Clem. "It is of no consequence what time people dine, provided they have the regular hour: their appetite soon accustoms itself to it. You might dine at five, instead of your fashionable hour of six, and they after you. Annis's servants do, and she gets no grumbling."

"Well," said the captain, carelessly, "we have rubbed on somehow, with all our mismanagement, and we must contrive to rub on still. Perhaps we shall give up our summer excursion this year, and that will be a saving. I am going down to the club for an hour. I shall find you here on my return, Aunt Clem: you'll stop and help us out with the minced veal."

"What a barbarous picture you do draw of domestic economy, Aunt Clem!" exclaimed Augusta, as her husband quitted the room. "Ninepenny lace, and common home-made lawn shirts for babies, and all the house dining off one joint, and calling minced veal unprofitable! Your notions are not suitable to us; to the captain."

"Child," answered Aunt Clem, "I am only thinking what is suitable to your pockets. With five hundred a year, you ought to be able to afford liberal housekeeping and expenditure; but it appears you have so many large expenses, that the house must, or ought, of necessity, to suffer. Your husband hinted at debt; and indeed I don't see how he can have kept out of it."

"We are very much in debt; though how much he will not tell me; he says it is enough for him to be worried over it, without my being so."

"Then why don't you curtail your expenditure, Augusta?"

"Curtail where? There is not one of the servants we could possibly do without; and I'm sure I try all I can to impress saving in the kitchen."

"There has been one fault throughout, Augusta. You began on the wrong scale; it is very easy to increase a scale of expenditure, but remarkably difficult to lessen it. The common mistake in marrying is, that people begin by living up to their income."

"After all, aunt, if I could curtail in petty domestic trifles, it would be of little service. It is the large outlays that have hurt us; our going out of town, and our visiting, and my husband's private expenses. He cannot give up those expenses, unless he gives up his friends. Fancy Captain Courtenay being obliged to relinquish his club! It's not to be thought of. We must rub on, as he says, somehow or other."

"He does not seem to be rubbing on to his club, now," said Aunt Clem, who was at the window. "He is standing to talk."

"And what queer-looking men he has got hold of!" uttered Augusta, following her. "Shabby coats and greasy hats. He is coming back, and they with him. What can they want?"

Aunt Clem drew in her lips ominously, but she said nothing. Mrs. Courtenay was only surprised, for the men had entered with her husband. She opened the room-door, and saw the captain advancing to her with a white face.

"My dear Augusta—don't be alarmed, or—or—put out; Aunt Clem can tell you there's no occasion, for these trifles happen every day; but—I—am—arrested."

"Arrested!" shrieked Augusta, flying to cling to his arm. "Will they drag you off to prison?"

"For to-day I fear they must, but—"

"Ain't no fear about it, sir," interposed one of the men, "it's certain. As well out with the truth, sir, to the lady, it answers best with 'em."

"You'll stop here, and take care of her, Aunt Clem," said the crest-fallen captain, as Augusta burst into sobs; "don't let her grieve. I dare say I shall get it all settled and be at home to-morrow."

"This comes of such folks as you rushing headlong into marriage!" tartly exclaimed Aunt Clem. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

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A Mixed-Up Lawsuit.—An exchange paper tells of a "mixed-up lawsuit" which came off in Vermont last fall. It seems that Smith shot a rabid dog that was trespassing on his lot, and belonging to one Davidson. Dog ran into the road and frightened a horse belonging to one Shufelt. Shufelt's horse ran away, upset a wagon, and broke a leg belonging to W. H. Patterson. The question now is, who shall Patterson sue for damages—Smith, Shufelt, or Davidson? As Smith had caused the accident, Shufelt allows that Smith should foot the bill. Smith's counsel objects to this by saying that Smith was doing a lawful act in a lawful manner, and that, as the horse was frightened by the dog, the owner of the dog (Davidson) should pay the damages. Davidson's lawyer claims, on the contrary, that he is not holden, because the dog was not mad; and, if he were mad, he would not have frightened the horse had Smith attended to his own business and let the dog alone. How the question will come out will be known in June, when the Court sits.

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The Present Condition of the American Navy.—The Navy Register, for 1856, states the number of vessels in the American Navy, to be 78, with a burden of 124,812 tons; but an analyzation of the list shows that of the 10 line-of-battle ships, only 2 could be put into service; and of the 10 frigates, only 6; and of the 8 first class propeller frigates, 2 are on the stocks; of the 6 second class steam frigates, 5 are on the stocks; and the 5 permanent receiving ships are all unseaworthy. The remainder of the fleet consists of 21 sloops-of-war, 2 brigs, 2 schooners, 4 propellers of the third-class, 7 paddle-wheel steamers, and 3 store ships. So that of the 78 war vessels, only 50 are at the present time in condition for active service, and of those 50, only 30 are now in commission.

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Non Appearance of J. W. Wolcott — Washington, May 28.—In the Criminal Court this morning, the case of J. W. Wolcott, the late recusant witness in the Lawrence, Stone & Co. investigation, by the Special Committee of the House of Representatives, was for the third time called up. The counsel for the defendant moved a continuance of the trial, and read a letter and despatches from his client. The Court, however, refused to postpone, and forfeited the recognizance of $1,000 given for his appearance.

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Harvest in Russia.—A recent letter from Moscow, states that rather unfavorable accounts of the crops in the provinces has been received there, and it was feared that much of the wheat would rot in the ground.

# CONGRESSIONAL.

## NEW LOAN.

## THE WAR SPIRIT.

## RIVERS AND HARBORS.

### SENATE.

On the 24th, Mr. Clay, of Alabama, from the Committee of Commerce, reported a bill for the improvement of the Dismal Swamp Canal.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, introduced a bill for facilitating the communication between the Atlantic and Pacific States by telegraph.

Mr. Douglas also introduced the following important bill, having reference to British and Mexican aggressions:

"A bill to restrain and redress outrages upon the flag and citizens of the United States.

"Be it enacted, etc., that in case of flagrant violations of the law of nations, by outrages upon the flag, soil or citizens of the United States, or upon their property, under circumstances requiring prompt redress, and when, in the opinion of the President, delay would be incompatible with the honor and dignity of the Republic, the President is hereby authorised to employ such force as he may deem necessary to prevent the perpetration of such outrages, and to obtain just redress and satisfaction for the same when perpetrated, and it shall be his duty to lay the facts of each case, together with the reasons for his actions in the premises, before Congress at the earliest practicable moment, for such further action thereon as Congress may direct."

The majority of the Committee on the Judiciary reported that Senators Bright and Fitch, of Indiana, are entitled to seats.

Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, called up the bill authorizing a loan of fifteen millions of dollars, for ten years, by the Secretary of the Treasury. He advocated its passage, in the expectation that, in some months, trade would regain its activity, and the revenue be revived. Even at present the rates show a surplus, provided economy be used in the administration of the Government.

After considerable discussing, and the reduction of the rate of interest from six to five per cent., Mr. Simmons introduced a lengthy amendment (which was ordered to be printed) with reference to the valuation of imports for duties. Adjourned.

On the 25th, Mr. Seward, of New York, called up the Chicago Harbor Improvement Bill, which was discussed at some length.

Mr. Toombs, of Ga., argued that the bill was unconstitutional.

Messrs. Davis, of Mississippi, Collamer, of Vermont, and Benjamin, of Louisiana, sustained the power of the General Government to make improvements for the benefit of inner State commerce.

The Fifteen Million Loan Bill was next taken up, and Mr. Simmons of Rhode Island, having the floor, advocated his amendment, proposing a home valuation of imports, which he said would diminish the frauds on the revenue, and largely increase the income from duties.

Mr. Hunter, of Va., took exception to the amendment, arguing that it could not be introduced in a loan bill.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, sustained Mr. Hunter's point of order, but agreed with Mr. Simmons in favor of a home valuation. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Toombs said that he had been ready these ten years for a war with England. If we got up a war now, he wished to be counted in. The Government should have sent and sunk the British ships, and seized them, and brought the officers here and hanged them. While the British gun boats are committing outrages in the Gulf, which sea is ours, the finest ship in the American Navy is where? Laying a telegraph line between two of the British possessions. Mr. Toombs also spoke in favor of limiting the expenditures of Government, except in case of war, to fifty millions per annum.

Considerable discussion ensued on the point of order, Mr. Hunter defending, and Mr. Seward and others disagreeing.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, saw nothing to prevent the Senate from altering the method of collecting the Tariff. Mr. Simmons's amendment went no further than the mode of collection, and hence was not obnoxious to the objections made by the Senator from Virginia. The home valuation was the only safe one. Some of the calculations by which it was attempted to support the bill were fallacious—such stuff as dreams are made of. Regarding the British insults, if true and not amply disclaimed by England, we ought to carry it out to the utmost limits of an honorable war. He believed that England will give an ample apology for these offensive aggressions of her cruisers. He (Mr. Crittenden) was not belligerent, either in policy or feeling, but war is not the worst of evils.—Silent submission to a wrong, or pulling it about for awhile, then suffering it to pass, is not the course for a great people, and is worse than war. English cannon must not be permitted to stop our ships. He would not dispute with England about the abstract right of search.—Let her found her claim on what prerogative or supposed right she may, but the moment she makes an aggression upon our national rights and honor, said Mr. Crittenden, "I will fight her upon the fact, and leave her the argument."

On the 26th, the Senate resumed the consideration of the Chicago Harbor Improvement Bill, which was passed—yeas 27, nays 16. This being considered a test vote as to internal improvements, numerous other estimates for the maintenance of the public works from decay will be brought forward. The vote stood as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Benjamin, Bigler, Bright, Broderick, Chandler, Collamer, Crittenden, Doolittle, Douglas, Durkee, Fessenden, Foote, Foster, Hamlin, Harlan, Jones, Kennedy, King, Seward, Shields, Simmons, Stuart, Thompson, N. J., Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson.

Nays—Messrs. Clay, Clingman, Davis, Fitch, Hammond, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Tenn., Mallory, Mason, Polk, Reid, Slidell, Toombs, and Wright.

Absentees—Messrs. Bates, Bayard, Bell, Cameron, Clark, Green, Gwin, Hale, Hayne, Henderson, Johnson of Ark., Pearce, Rice, Sebastian, Sumner, and Thompson of Ky.

Paired off—Messrs Pugh and Yulee, and Messrs. Dixon and Fitzpatrick.

The bill for the improvement of the mouth of the Milwaukee river was passed.

The bill for the improvement of the Sheboygan harbor was taken up, but laid aside for the purpose of considering the Loan Bill.

Mr. Bell, of Tenn., had the floor, and occupied the most of the session on the tariff question.

Mr. Simmons's amendment to establish home valuations of imports was defeated, yeas 17, nays 25.

On motion of Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, the warrants were made $1,000 instead of $100.

The bill finally passed by a vote of yeas 28, nays 14.

On the 27th, the House Bill extending the land laws east of the Cascade Mountains was passed.

Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, presented a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Navy to furnish information as to the cost, efficiency, and present location of every vessel of the navy. Agreed to.

On the Homestead Bill coming up as the special order,

Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, moved that its consideration be postponed till January next.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, urged the immediate consideration of the bill, inasmuch as it expresses the opinion of the people.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama declared that the opinion of the country was not in favor of this bill. To the Senator from New York (Mr. Seward) belonged the credit of originating it in the Senate, and when it was first brought forward it received but two votes.

The motion to postpone was then agreed to—yeas 30, nays 21, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bigler, Brown, Clay, Clingman, Crittenden, Davis, Dixon, Fessenden, Fitzpatrick, Foster, Green, Hamlin, Hayne, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Tennessee, Johnson of Arkansas, Kennedy, Mallory, Mason, Pearce, Polk, Reid, Sebastian, Slidell, Thompson of Kentucky, Thompson of New Jersey, and Wright—30.

Nays—Messrs. Bell, Bright, Broderick, Chandler, Douglas, Durkee, Fitch, Foote, Hale, Harlan, Jones, King, Pugh, Rice, Shields, Seward, Simmons, Stuart, Trumbull, Wade and Wilson—21.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, having voted aye, moved to reconsider the vote.

Mr. Seward called up the bill for the improvement of the Sheboygan harbor.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, offered an amendment, embracing all the harbors and rivers for which appropriations are asked, amounting to $600,000.

Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, was of the opinion that they who insisted on these appropriations should provide the money, and moved that, for the purpose of this act, and to execute all appropriations for harbors and rivers that may be voted this session, the President be authorised to borrow the amount for ten years, at six per cent. Lost—yeas 24, nays 26.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, moved an amendment, that all articles now on the free tariff list be classed as unenumerated articles, and charged 15 per cent. duty, from 1st July next.

Exception was taken by several Senators to the motion, as being unconstitutional. The point of argument was whether the amendment to be originate a revenue—in which case it must originate in the House—or whether it was merely a modification of the existing scale of duties. The Senate decided that the amendment was out of order.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, then moved to strike out the clause allowing $20,000 for unforeseen contingent expenses. Lost—yeas, 25, nays 27.

Mr. Bigler further moved to strike out the clause appropriating $110,000 for the improvement of the Red river.

This gave rise to a lengthened discussion, pending which the Senate adjourned.

On the 28th, a communication was received from the President, covering the correspondence respecting the arrest of William Walker, which was laid over, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Seward, of New York, presented a resolution to extend the session to the 21st of June. Laid on the table.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, to whom was referred the resolution inquiring whether additional legislation is necessary to place power in the hands of the Executive, to obtain redress for the recent British aggressions, submitted a report, the substance of which is, that official statements show a succession of acts of aggression by British cruisers in the Gulf of Mexico, so marked and extraordinary as to have awakened the indignation of the country. Vessels under our flag, pursuing a lawful commerce, have been fired into, stopped and interrogated as to the cargo, destination, crew, &c. No less than fifteen American ships in the harbor of Sagua la Grande, and six on the high seas, have been officially reported, each arrival bringing additional facts of the aggressions of the same power on our flag. It has hitherto happened that in isolated cases, where similar aggressions have occurred through misconception, the United States has been contented to accept a disclaimer of intent but the continued and persevering character of these outrages is such as to arouse the indignation of the country, and to require to arrest at once, and to end forever, the continuance of such indignities.—The slave trade is alleged as an excuse. The Committee will not discuss that question. It is sufficient that the United States, though often invoked, refuses to recognize the right of police. They rest on the principle that a marine under its flag cannot be visited or questioned without its consent. And the Committee deem this a fit occasion to declare it as the principle of the United States, admitting of no reserve or qualification, and to be maintained at any cost.

They admit no right of visitation, far less of search. Such have no foundation in law or comity, and cannot be tolerated by any sovereign power, without a derogation from her sovereignty. The infraction of sovereignty consists in the visitation. The best American and English authorities (Stowell, for instance,) so decide, founding it on two principles.

Firstly, The equality of all independent States.

Secondly, The comity of the sea as a highway.

Indignant as the American people are, and ought to be, at these aggressions, yet their occurrence will afford the opportunity to end them at once and forever, and the Committee refrain from recommending any further legislation, only from the reason that the President has already ordered all the available navy to the infested waters, with orders to protect our flag.

It is believed that this measure will be serviceable for the present in stopping these outrages. The subject has been also brought to the notice of the offending power, both through the Minister at London and the Minister at Washington. They cannot, therefore, till a reply is received from Great Britain, decide on any measure that can be a guarantee for the future, for nothing short of that will satisfy the American people. The Committee, therefore, while refraining from recommending present legislation, have unanimously

Resolved, That American ships at sea, under the flag, remain under the jurisdiction of the country to which they belong, and, therefore, that any visitation or molestation is an infraction of the sovereignty of the United States.

Resolved, That these aggressions demand such unequivocal explanation from Great Britain as shall prevent their occurrence forever, in future.

Resolved, That the Committee approves of the action of the Executive, and are prepared to recommend such future legislation as circumstances may require.

The resolutions will be considered to-morrow.

The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was discussed for several hours.

The clause appropriating $60,000 for the purchase of seeds, provoked a discursive debate on onions, cabbages and Democracy, between Senators Iverson, of Georgia, Bigler, of Pennsylvania, Houston, of Texas, and Hale, of New Hampshire.

Mr. Iverson, and Green, of Missouri, wished the clause stricken out, which was not agreed to.

The clause appropriating $750,000 for the Capitol extension, produced a debate.

Mr. Davis moved an amendment to appropriate a million dollars to finish the park, and $50,000 to contract with artists for historical embellishments. Not agreed to.

A discussion on art matters ensued, in the course of which Mr. Houston commented on the statuary of the Squaw and Papoose, the latter with its head sticking out like a terrapin. Also, on the statue of the lady, whom he supposed was the Goddess of Liberty, and evidently the work of a foreigner, she being in an ungraceful attitude, clad in a classic robe, with the starry zone in her forehead and on her feet a pair of "plantation brogans."

Mr. Davis informed Mr. Houston that the statue he was criticising was the lamented Crawford's "America," whereupon Mr. Houston made a good-natured reply.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 24th, the bill to regulate the municipal elections in Washington city was called up, and gave rise to an animated debate, during which the Washington, Baltimore and Louisville riots, the Catholic church, slavery, and Texas were incidentally discussed.

On the 25th, several bills were passed, including one to regulate the municipal elections at Washington, and one to organize a paid fire department in Washington and Georgetown, and appropriating $37,000 for the purchase of steam fire engines, and for the construction of a fire and police alarm telegraph.

The Ohio contested election case was then taken up.

A resolution offered by Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, for the postponement of the subject till the first Monday in December, was rejected by 26 majority.

The resolution offered by Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina, a member of the Committee on Elections, declaring that Mr. Campbell was entitled to his seat, was rejected by 25 majority.

The resolution offered by Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, a member of the Committee on Elections, that Mr. Vallandigham was entitled to the seat claimed by him, was adopted by four majority.

The resolution of Mr. Harris, of Illinois, declaring the seat vacant, as amended by Mr. Lamar's proposition, was agreed to by seven majority.

Mr. Vallandigham was then sworn in.

The House passed a bill, giving to a private company the privilege of constructing a passenger railway on Pennsylvania Avenue, with a twenty years' charter.

On motion of Mr. J. Glancy Jones, of Penna., the House acted on the Senate's amendments to the Executive, Judicial and Legislative Appropriation Bill.

The Fortification Bill was taken up.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones said it proposed an appropriation of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be expended at the discretion of the Secretary of the Navy, for the preservation and keeping in repair of fortifications for the next year.

Mr. Quitman, of Miss., was unwilling to have the money appropriated without specific items, for the whole sum might be expended on a single work.

Mr. Jones read a private memorandum, showing the amounts to be expended in the several fortifications.

Mr. Whiteley, of Del., offered a substitute, in accordance with the estimate of the War Department, and appropriating nearly two millions. He argued the necessity of completing the fortifications, considering the condition of our foreign relations, so that, if we are engaged in a war, we may defend ourselves against the enemy.

Mr. Dowdell, of Ala., said it would be worse than folly to appropriate only the sum named in the bill. It was important to complete Forts Taylor and Jefferson, which are in a position to control the Gulf of Mexico. He hoped a war would never come; but if we wished to preserve peace, we must be in a condition for defence. He trusted the Administration had not only sent orders to protect our commerce, but for the arrest of every foreign captain who has boarded our vessels, to bring them into port and try them for piracy. "Broadsides first and explanations afterwards," was his motto.

Mr. Letcher, of Va., said the Committee on Ways and Means, whether they reduced or failed to reduce the estimates of the Department, were equally unfortunate. It struck him as singular that the gentleman from Alabama (Mr. Dowdell) spoke of "broadsides first and explanations afterwards," when these forts in the Gulf are in an unfinished condition. Whether these forts are completed or not, the people will defend and protect their rights. If the danger is so imminent as represented, they could not be finished in time for efficient service, and we should husband our funds, so that if war should come, we may resort to the best available means of defence.

No definite action was taken.

On the 26th, the House, by thirteen majority, struck out the enacting clause of the Fortification Bill, thus killing it.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones, of Pennsylvania, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill making appropriations to defray the expense of collecting the revenue from customs. Also, a bill authorizing a loan of fifteen millions of dollars.

The Report of the Select Committee in the Fort Snelling case, was announced as the special order. A motion was made to postpone till the second Tuesday in December, but it was urged that it would be unjust to the Secretary of War whom the charges implicated. It was therefore postponed till the ensuing Tuesday.

The House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Sickles, of New York, in the chair, on the Naval Appropriation Bill.

Mr J Glancy Jones said that the bill appropriated $13,150,000 being a reduction of more than half a million from the original estimates.

Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, said that our new war steamers draw not less than 18 or 20 feet of water, while vessels drawing not more than 12 should be constructed, in order to operate more effectively in the waters south of Portsmouth, Virginia. He spoke in favor of the recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy, of ten sloops-of-war. The outrages in the gulf have been so often repeated, as to lead to the inference that the visitation of the British cruisers spring from orders. He hoped they would be disavowed. But the best means of making the negotiations effective, and giving emphasis to our action, is to be prepared to defend our rights. He spoke of the potency and economy of gun-boats propelled by steam, and carrying two of Dahlgreen's eleven-inch guns. A shell from one of these vessels fired into a large one, would either sink or disable her for the contest.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, condemned the seizing on every pretext for permanently increasing the Army and Navy. We wrested the trident from the proud mistress of the seas in the last war, and therefore need not tremble before the British power. Now, as then, commercial vessels would be converted into means of defence. On shore we fear not the combined nations of the world for, as was said by a late distinguished Missourian, an enemy landing on our shores would be a fugitive, prisoner, or a corpse. He believed that the acts of the British cruisers would be disavowed. If not, let us prepare to vindicate the honor of our country and the integrity of our flag.

Mr. Covode, of Pennsylvania, replying to Mr. Grow, denied that our navy compares as favorably with that of Great Britain now as it did in the war of 1812, and referred to the figures showing the great disparity. The British, he said, have in fact the control of the seas. We are not able to cope with her steam-vessels with our insignificant force. When we fight the British it must be on our shores.

Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, showed that we have fewer vessels now than in 1812, notwithstanding our commerce has increased from 850,000 to 5,000,000 tons.

Mr. Phillips, of Pennsylvania, replied to Mr. Grow, expressing a regret that the opposition to the appropriations should come from a member representing a State having so much at stake to be protected by the Navy.

On motion of Mr. Taylor, of New York, an amendment was adopted appropriating $50,650 for filling in at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, that sum having been previously stricken out by the Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, referring to the appropriation of a million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for five steam sloops-of-war heretofore authorized, inquired of Mr. J. Glancy Jones how he proposed to man these ships after they are constructed? Two-thirds of those who man our national ships are foreigners—and did he not know that a bill had passed the Senate, the effect if not the purpose, of which was to destroy the only school for native seamen we have.

Mr. Jones replied that it was the duty of the Government to buy ships, but he never before knew that it was a part of the duty of the Government to buy men or furnish money to buy them.

Mr. Washburne said that was what the Administration had been doing the whole session. (Laughter on the Republican side.)

Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania, offered an amendment appropriating two millions for the construction of ten small propeller sloops-of-war, armed and equipped.

The Chairman declared the amendment out of order, not being in accordance with the existing laws, and on an appeal, the decision of the Chair was sustained by the Committee.

The bill as amended was laid aside to be reported to the House.

The Committee then took up the bill making appropriations for the support of the volunteer regiments.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, inquired whether it was the expectation to order these volunteer regiments out, and what was the condition of the Utah service.

Mr. J Glancy Jones replied that the regiment intended for Texas will be required in any event, but the other two will not be called out by the Secretary of War unless absolutely necessary, even if the appropriation be made.

Mr. Stanton asked, was the House to determine when the necessity exists to call out the troops? The Committee on Military Affairs should then be instructed to inquire whether the present relations with Utah render it necessary.

The bill was then laid aside for the present.

Mr. Bowie, of Maryland, having frequently interrupted the proceedings by disorderly conduct, the Committee in consequence rose, and, by direction, the Chairman reported the fact to the House for its action.

Mr. Stanton moved that Mr. Bowie be taken into custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms to answer for contempt to-morrow, but he subsequently withdrew his motion, Mr. Bowie having retired from the Hall.

The House then returned to Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

On motion of Mr. J. G. Jones, the Committee took up the bill appropriating four millions of dollars to pay the expenses of collecting the revenue from customs, making the system general, and requiring all the revenue to be paid into the Treasury without abatement.

Mr. Garnett, of Virginia, moved an amendment, which was adopted, requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to report at the next session of Congress the plan and estimates for reducing the expenses attending the collection of the revenue in accordance with his recommendation in his late annual report.

The bill was then laid aside to be reported to the House.

The bill making appropriations for the expenses of the Post-Office Department was then taken up.

Mr. Millson, of Virginia, said he saw no necessity for passing these bills with railroad despatch, without proper deliberation, merely because Congress has agreed to adjourn on the 7th of June. He would stay here till August, if necessary.

Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, offered an amendment, which was ruled out of order, proposing to increase the rate of postage to five cents.

Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, combatted Mr. Letcher's doctrine that the Department should be self sustaining.

The Committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 27th, the Naval Bill was passed, yeas 110, nays 75.

The Bill appropriating $4,600,000 for the expenses in the collection of the revenue was passed.

Mr Stanton, of Ohio, submitted the report from the Tariff Investigating Committee, and on his motion the report and evidence was ordered to be printed, and the committee discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

Mr. Parviance, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Moore, of Alabama, severally made minority reports.

Mr. Kavanaugh, of Minnesota, offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Committee on Elections to inquire, and report as to the right of Mr. Kingsbury to a seat as delegate from that portion of the Territory outside of the present State limits.

The Speaker said that he had thought that Mr. Kingsbury had ceased to be a delegate, but on looking into several precedents, he found that delegates were permitted to retain their seats after the States were admitted, as in the case of Michigan and Wisconsin. He called on the House to relieve him from the embarrassment.

During the conversation that ensued, A. G. Fuller made an application for a seat as a delegate from the Territory of Dacotah. His credentials were referred to the Committee on Elections.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, asked, but failed to obtain, unanimous consent to introduce a bill to restrain and repress outrages on the flag and citizens of the United States.

The House then went into Committee on the Post-Office Appropriation Bill. On motion, the Post-Office Appropriation Bill was laid aside, and the Army Appropriation Bill taken up. After considerable discussion,

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, offered a section, that no part of the money shall be expended for the support of a military force to act as *posse comitatus* in Kansas.

This section was ruled out of order. The bill was then laid aside.

The Committee then took up the bill making an appropriation for the support of the ocean mail service.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, said it was manifestly wrong and unjust to the different sections of the country, that New York should have the sole privilege of controlling the commercial operations of the country.

Mr Jones was authorized to say that the Administration desire Congress to take up the whole subject of the foreign mail service and place it on a self-supporting basis.

The bills above named were reported to the House for definite action. Adjourned.

On the 28th, the House passed the Post Office, Army and Ocean Mail Steamship Appropriation Bills, which were reported from the Committee of the Whole.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the private calendar.

Seventy-two House and seventeen Senate Bills were passed. Adjourned.

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Novel Method to Prevent Potato Rot.—Some Belgian boys, a few years since, for amusement, inserted some peas into potatoes and planted them. The result was an unusual yield of peas and a crop of tubers perfectly sound, though in a field where the potatoes were badly affected. Acting on the hint, Mr. Jameson, of Leeds, England, developed the theory that the potato, being deficient in nitrogen, would receive an equivalent of that article from the pea during the time of growing, and so its tendency to disease would be counteracted. He then tried the experiment, inserting four or five peas into each potato, carefully avoiding injury to the eyes, and then planting in the usual way. The result was perfect success—an unusual yield of both peas and potatoes, and the latter perfectly free from disease. The tubers were found healthy the next spring, and were again planted with the same results. We republish this, in order to recall it to the notice of the farming community.

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A member of the British Parliament, Mr. Glover, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment, for having made a false declaration as to his qualification to sit in the House of Commons. It is the first conviction under the law.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE SLAVE QUESTION.—The Archbishop and Bishops of the Catholic Church, who recently assembled in provincial council in Baltimore, have issued a pastoral letter to the clergy and laity of that denomination. Among other subjects to which it refers is the slavery question. We make the following extract:

"The peaceful and conservative character of our principles, which are adapted to every form of government and every state of society, has been tested and made manifest in the great political struggles that have agitated the country on the subject of domestic slavery. Although history plainly testifies that the church has always befriended the poor and laboring classes, and effectually procured the mitigation of the evils attached to servitude, until through her mild influence it passed away from the nations of Europe, yet she has never disturbed established order, or endangered the peace of society by following theories of philanthropy.

Faithful to the teachings and example of the Apostles, she has always taught servants to obey their masters, not serving to the eye merely, but as to Christ, and in His name she commands masters to treat their servants with humanity and justice, reminding them that they also have a Master in heaven. We have not, therefore, found it necessary to modify our teachings with a view of modifying it to local circumstances. Among us there has been no agitation on this subject. Our clergy have wisely abstained from all interference with the judgment of the faithful, which should be free on all questions of polity and social order, within the limits of the doctrine and law of Christ.—We exhort you, venerable brethren, to pursue this course, so becoming "the ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God." Let the dead bury their dead. Leave to worldlings the cares and anxieties of political partisanship, the struggles for ascendancy, and the mortifications of disappointed ambition. Do not, in any way, identify the interests of our holy faith with the fortunes of any party; but, preaching peace and good will to all mankind, study only to win to truth the deluded children of error, and to merit the confidence of your flocks, so that, becoming all to all, you may gain all to Christ."

THE SLAVE TRADE.—Some papers have denied the statement relative to the importation of slaves into Mississippi, but the *Charleston Mercury* quotes a recent article from the *Advocate*, published at Charlottesville, Virginia, from which we extract the following:—

"We are told by a most reliable gentleman, who was an eye-witness of what he speaks, that several cargoes of native Africans have been landed within the last twelve months upon the banks of Pearl River, Mississippi. They were, it is true, brought over under the mere pretext of indentured apprenticeship; but no one doubts that they are, and will continue to be, slaves in every sense of the word, and for all time. These negroes were scattered through the southern counties of Mississippi; they were sold at a low figure, but still high enough to make the enterprise a profitable one for those engaged in it. A negro man and woman, young and likely, though entirely unaccustomed to the work for which they are destined, were sold for $1,000. As soon as they are placed in the field, the master selects some reliable negro man of his own force, to whom the newly imported African is chained, and whom he is compelled to imitate and follow in the day's work. The native African possesses the faculty of imitation in a high degree, and quickly learns to do a good day's work for himself. Our informant represents them all to be, so far as he has seen, perfectly contented with their new homes, preferring it, even with the laborious task before them, to the savage and precarious existence in their native homes. We are told the sentiment of Mississippi is almost universal in its approval of the revival of the African slave trade. The wealthy want it because it affords them cheap labor for their at present imperfectly cultivated fields; and the poorer classes are as equally in favor of it, as they are told that, by its revival, they will be enabled to buy negro men at from $300 to $400, and thus procure negro labor for their own smaller tracts of land. These are the facts connected with the African slave trade revival in this country."

THE WAR DEBATE.—In the Senate, on Saturday, the resolutions of the Committee of Foreign Relations relative to British aggressions were considered. Messrs. Mason, Hale, Toombs, Seward, Douglas, and Wilson strongly denounced said aggressions, either in the shape of a visitation or a search. Senators Hale, Toombs, Douglas, and Wilson were particularly warlike, being for instant action, capturing and sinking the offending vessels, &c. Mr. Mason endeavored to bring the Senate to a vote on the resolutions; but his colleague, Mr. Hunter, insisted on the priority of the appropriations, and a majority of twelve sustained him. In the House, Mr. Clay asked unanimous leave to give authority to the President to act as he may deem proper in the premises, but Mr Garnett, of Virginia, "being opposed to converting the government into a military despotism," objected.

ANOTHER GREYTOWN AFFAIR.—ARREST OF COLONEL KINNEY.—On the 25th of April, at Greytown, Col. Kinney, with men armed to the teeth, hauled down the Mosquito flag, hoisted in its stead the Nicaraguan colors, forced his way into the Mayor's house and forcibly dragged him out as a prisoner. The citizens were up in arms directly, and a message was sent to Capt. Kennedy, of the U. S. vessel Jamestown, for assistance, who came on shore immediately, with five cutters filled with men. As the citizens generally insisted upon it, Capt. Kennedy took Kinney and his band prisoners off to the Jamestown, from thence to be sent up in the British steamer to Aspinwall, which was done. The Colonel and his party had arrived at Aspinwall.

A DENIAL.—WASHINGTON, May 30.—Lord Napier has not intimated that, in his opinion, the Derby Ministry will insist on the visitation of American vessels, to verify their nationality, as has been stated in the newspapers. He has never committed his Government by any such declaration.

It is rumored that Lord Napier has dispatched a vessel, with orders to the British Admiral of the Gulf Squadron, to abstain from further interference with American vessels, until advices are received from England. The rumor cannot be traced to any reliable source.

FROM UTAH.—Advices received in California from Salt Lake appear to confirm the news of he reported peace negotiations, and add some nteresting particulars. It seems that Brigham Young had instructed his people all to retire to he southern counties, and not to fight the government troops, and that it was in obedience o this behest that the emigration took place.

☞ There are very *few* original thinkers in he world, or ever have been; the greatest art of those called philosophers have adopted he opinions of some who have gone before hem.—*Stewart.*

### NEW YORK MARKETS.

May 29.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is heavy; sales f 1200 bbls at $3 80a3.90 for State, a decline of c. Wheat is steady; sales of 75,000 bush at 80a 2c for Chicago spring, 85a88c for Milwaukee Club, 6ca$1 for Western red, and $1a1,07 for white. Corn is very dull; Western mixed quoted at 62a66 ... Mess Pork has declined 10c, at $17,20. Lard s heavy.

COTTON—The market is heavy and dull. We quote as follows:—

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.

| | Upl'ds. | Florida. | Mobile. | N. O. & Tex. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| rdinary | 10½ | 10½ | 10½ | 10½ |
| iddling | 11½ | 11½ | 12 | 12½ |
| Mid'ling fair | 12½ | 12½ | 13 | 13½ |

HOPS—We quote 1857's at 4a7c.

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour have been moderate for the season, but the market under a limited demand for shipment has ruled unsettled, and prices in favor of the buyers, the transactions for export only reaching about 4000 bbls in lots at $4,25 ℘ bbl for standard and good brands; $4,50 for extra, and $5a5,25 for extra family, including 600 half bbls at $4,60a4,87½, and a small lot of middlings at $3,25. Rye Flour has advanced, and 400 bbls sold at $3,31½a3,37½. The stock of Corn Meal is now very much reduced, and it has been in better demand. Sales of 3000 bbls at $3,25a3,37½ for Penna—closing at the latter, which is an advance, and $3,60 for Brandywine.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been small, but the article has been dull and prices lower. Sales of 14,000 bush ordinary and good Southern and Penna red at $1a1,08 ℘ bush; ordinary and fair quality at 80a95c, and white at $1,10a1,25, including 1000 bush choice Tennessee red at $1,14, and 2500 bush good Kentucky white at $1,24. 4000 bush Rye—all offered—sold at 68c. Corn has been in active demand, and has advanced 2c ℘ bush. Sales of 45,000 bush yellow at 72a72½c afloat, and 70a71c in store, including 2900 bush white at 68a70c. Oats have been in better request, and 12,000 bush sold at 35a37c ℘ bush for Delaware and Maryland, and 36½a37c for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The demand noticed at the close of last week has fallen off, and the market has since been almost at a stand still. Mess Pork is quoted at $18a18½, and City Mess Beef at $17 ℘ bbl, but there is little or nothing doing. Of Bacon the sales have been limited at 11½a12½c for plain and fancy Hams; 9a9½c for Sides, and 7a7½c for Shoulders, as in quality. Green Meats are not inquired for and quoted at 9a9½c for Hams, and 7a7½c for Shoulders; Sides are scarce. Lard is held at 11½a12c for bbls and tcs and 13c for kegs, but there is very little doing. Butter comes in slowly, and sales are making in a small way at 12a13c for solid, and 14a15c for Roll. Cheese sells as wanted at quotations. Eggs are better and bringing 11a11½c ℘ doz.

COTTON—The market has ruled dull and unsettled, and prices, under a limited demand from manufacturers, have fallen off ¼c since the close of last week, the sales only reaching some 600 bales in lots at from 12½a13½c, cash, the latter for Mobile, and 13a14c on time, the market closing irregular, and with more disposition to sell.

BARK—Has been in steady demand, but the stock is light, and there is very little coming forward. Sales of 69 hhds No 1 Quercitron Bark at $34 ℘ ton. Tanners' Bark is dull. A cargo of Spanish sold at $14 ℘ cord. Chestnut is worth $11a12.

BEESWAX—Is scarce; small sales of good Yellow at 31a32c ℘ lb, cash.

COAL is dull. There has been a little more inquiry, but the market is devoid of that activity which usually characterizes it at this season of the year. Prices continue to rule somewhat irregularly both for Schuylkill and Lehigh. In Bituminous Coal there have been no transactions.

FEATHERS continue scarce, and sell only in a small way at 45a48 cts ℘ lb for good Western.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are dull at 5½a6c ℘ lb. Unpared Peaches range from 11 to 14c.

HEMP—The market remains inactive, and we are only advised of a small sale of dressed Western at $175 ℘ ton on time.

HIDES—There has been an arrival of 7300 African, and 3590 Porto Cabello, since our last report, the former of which were previously disposed of to go out of the market on terms not made public; 3000 Laguayra and Caraccas sold at about 19c ℘ lb, on time.

HOPS have been in steady request. Sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 6a8c ℘ lb.

IRON—There is no new feature to notice in the Pig Iron Market. Sales of 1500 tons No 1 Anthracite at $23, 6 mos; 500 do. at $21, cash; and 500 No 2 at $20, cash. Scotch Pig is entirely nominal in price, as there is no inquiry for the article.—Blooms, Rails and Bar Iron sell slowly at former rates.

LEAD—There have been no arrivals of Pig Lead this week, and there is little or none now left in first hands.

LEATHER—The demand has been good for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and for the latter prices are advancing.

LUMBER—Has been in rather better request, but the supply is far in excess of the demand, and the trade generally has been quite dull. Several lots of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $12a15 ℘ M, according to quality. Laths sell at $1,25a1,30, and Pickets at $5,50a6,50 ℘ M for 4a4½ feet.

SEEDS—The market continues nearly bare of Cloverseed, and the sales include only 100 bags from second hands, to go out of the market on private terms, and small lots at $4,37½a4,50 ℘ 64 lbs. Timothy is nominal at $2a2¼, and Flaxseed at $1,55a1,60.

TALLOW—The demand is limited, and City Rendered sells slowly at 10½c ℘ lb.

TOBACCO—There is no change in the market, but there is very little doing either for shipment or home use.

WOOL—This staple is without alteration, but there is very little doing, buyers generally being disposed to hold off for the new clip, which is now about coming into market.

### PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

By the CATERER of the FRANKLIN HOUSE,

Chestnut Street (above Third.)

MEATS.

| *Beef.* | | *Mutton.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Roasting rib, ℘ lb | 12 a14 | Leg, Loin, Chp ℘ lb | 8 a10 |
| Sirloin steak | 14 a16 | Breast and Neck | 6 a 8 |
| Rump do | 12 a14 | Young Lamb, whole | $3a3½ |
| Chuck pieces | 8 a11 | Whole carcass | 8 a 9 |
| Plates and navels Corned | 8 a10 | *Veal.* | |
| Tongues, fresh | 65 a75 | Fore quarter ℘ lb | 8 |
| Lar, each | 31a37½ | Hind do | 10 |
| Spin | 20 a25 | Chop | 12½ |
| Kidney | 8 a12 | Cutlet | 12½ |
| Liver ℘ lb | 5 a 9 | Sweetbread each | 12 |
| Dried Beef ℘ lb | 14 a16 | *Pork.* | |
| *Lamb.* | | Young Pigs | $1 75 |
| Fore quarter | 75 a87½ | Salt and fresh lb | 10 a 12 |
| Hind do | 1 00 a1 12½ | Feet ℘ set | 12½a 25 |
| Chop ℘ lb | 14 a12 | Tripe ℘ lb | 4 a 8 |
| Calves Head each | 25 a37 | Lard do | 10 a 13 |
| | | Hams, sliced | 15 a 18 |
| | | Bologna sausages | 16 a 20 |

VEGETABLES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lettuce ℘ head | 6 | Beets bunch | 4 a 5 |
| Rhubarb ℘ bunch | 5 | Cabbage bbl | 2 50 |
| Onion tops ℘ bunch | 1 | do h'd | 3 a 10 |
| Radishes ℘ hundred bunches | $2 50 | Carrots doz | 10 |
| Asparagus ℘ bunch | 10 | S't Pot's ℘ bus | $1 50a1 75 |
| Lima beans ℘ quart | 12 | do do ℘ lb | 3 |
| Turnips bus | 50 | Com Pot's bus | 60 a [illegible] |
| Bermuda pota's ℘ bus | 1,25 | Onions bus | [illegible] |

FRUIT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples ℘ bbl | $1a 1 50 | Cranberries qt | 14 a 16 |
| do hf pk | 25a 31 | | |

POULTRY AND GAME.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Spring Chickens ℘ pair | $1 a1 12 | Chickens ℘ lb | 10 a 12½ |
| Chickens ℘ pair | 75 a1 25 | Sch Pig'ns pair | 25 a 37 |
| | | Frogs doz | 30 a 50 |

SHELLFISH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ter'pin (South) doz | $4 00 a6 00 | Oysters, Absecom ℘ bbl | 50 a 75 |
| do (Ches & Del) | 6 00 a8 00 | do ℘ M | $18 00 a20 00 |
| Lobsters lb | 8 a 10 | M Riv Cove ℘ M | 10 00 a12 00 |
| Clams M | 2 00 a3 50 | N Y do ℘ bbl | 10 00 a15 00 |

MISCELLANEOUS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Butter lb | 20 a 31 | Mackerel | 10 |
| Roll do | 20 a 24 | Dry Cod | 4 a 6 |
| Eggs doz | 11 a 12 | Sm'kd Herring bunch | 3 |
| Cod | 5 a 8 | Honey lb | 20 a 25 |
| Fresh Shad | 18 a 32 | Smearcase cake | 2 a |
| Salt Shad lb | 11 | Halibut | 6 a 8 |

## BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,

No. 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, May 29, 1858.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| PENNSYLVANIA. | | GEORGIA. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| New banks | 1½ to 5 dis | SOUTH CAROLINA. | |
| Relief Notes | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| Tioga & Shamokin | no sale | ALABAMA. | |
| NEW JERSEY. | | Solvent banks | 1 to 5 dis |
| Solvent bks | par to ½ dis | MISSISSIPPI. | |
| DELAWARE. | | All banks | uncertain |
| Solvent bks | par to ½ dis | LOUISIANA. | |
| MARYLAND. | | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| Baltimore | ½ dis | OHIO. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ to 2 dis | Solvent banks | ¾ dis |
| NEW YORK. | | KENTUCKY. | |
| Solvent bks | par to ½ dis | Solvent banks | ¾ dis |
| MAINE. | | INDIANA. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | State bank | 1 dis |
| NEW HAMPSHIRE. | | ILLINOIS. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 2 dis |
| VERMONT. | | MISSOURI. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 1 dis |
| CONNECTICUT. | | TENNESSEE. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Old banks | 3 dis |
| MASSACHUSETTS. | | MICHIGAN. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 1½ dis |
| RHODE ISLAND. | | WISCONSIN. | |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | Solvent banks | 2 dis |
| VIRGINIA. | | TEXAS. | |
| Solvent banks | 1 dis | Commercial and Agricultural bank, | |
| DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. | | Galveston | 5 dis |
| Solvent banks | ½ dis | CANADA. | |
| NORTH CAROLINA. | | | |
| Solvent banks | 3½ dis | Solvent banks | 1½ dis |

A huge black bear, driven in from the swamps by high water, perambulated the streets of Yazoo, Miss., recently, to the consternation of everybody.

### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
R. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

A LADY

WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address enclosing stamp to pay return postage, Mrs MARY E. DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent, free, by next post. my1-8t

CUT THIS OUT AND STICK IT IN YOUR HAT.—Wood's Hair Restorative will change gray hair to its original color, stop it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads, and as a cosmetic it has no equal. Pimples and Wood's Hair Restorative cannot exist together.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York), are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine dealers, also by all Fancy and Toilet Goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

OUR NATIVE FORESTS furnish us with Nature's own remedy for all lung complaints. Dr. Wistar, in his Balsam, combines the essential qualities of the Cherry Bark with Tar Water. It has cured many cases of seated consumption.

NOTWITHSTANDING the imitations, and many other medicines in the market pretending to answer the same purpose, yet the sale of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is more than the whole of them put together. It is one of the few articles that are just what they pretend to be. Try it.—*Brunswick Telegraph.*

THE MOST REMARKABLE CURE OF DROPSY EVER EFFECTED.

Cedarburg, Ozaukee Co., Wis., April 26, 1858.

Dr. D. JAYNE:—

Dear Sir—I am a stranger to you, but cannot withhold my thanks for the great benefit produced by your Alterative and Sanative Pills. The cure which I will relate has not been surpassed in the history of your Medicines. A German lady, the wife of a miller in the Cedarburg mills, was taken with Dropsy; the first severe attack being about a fortnight after her accouchment. The physician who attended her was called, and at the expiration of two weeks, pronounced her case hopeless from defect in her kidneys. Another was obtained—this one was sanguine of curing her, but after two months daily attendance, his skill was baffled, and a third was called, but again with no effect. At this time, she was horrible to behold; her face and head swelled to twice the natural size, her body as large as a barrel, and her limbs of a corresponding size; her tongue was swollen and eaten with ulcers, preventing her from taking nourishment except it was given in a teaspoon. This is but a feeble description of her appearance. My wife visited her, and, although expecting to see her as described, the sight of the sufferer was such that she had to retire, and did not recover from the shock for several days. At this stage she was apparently hovering between life and death; for three days her husband was constantly with her, expecting a dissolution every moment. Although chided by the physicians, I recommended your Alterative; one bottle was taken with benefit, and this induced them to continue. After taking three bottles, the swellings of the head and face began to abate; when six bottles had been used, the swelling of her person gradually reduced, and blotches appeared on her face, arms and legs; when one dozen bottles had been taken, it brought out on her legs lumps as large as a pigeon's egg, which broke and discharged a watery humor, and at twenty-eight bottles the disease appeared to be nearly eradicated, and the husband desired to discontinue the Alterative, on account of the expense; they continued to give it but only in small doses, when she again commenced swelling, as if the disease had resumed its full vigor, and doubts were entertained about effecting a cure. They became discouraged and gave up all hope. I however persuaded them to give full doses, and to try a week or two longer, which they did and the disease was again subdued. The medicine was continued until forty-six bottles were taken, together with sixteen boxes of the Sanative Pills. And now, under the favor of a Divine Providence, she is able to attend to her household duties, and shows as healthy an appearance as in youth. I have thus narrated the honest facts for the public good, and after expressing to you the heartfelt thanks of the one your medicines restored to health,

I remain, yours, respectfully,
JOHN DAY.
M. E. Local Preacher.

Cedarburg, Wis., April 26, 1858.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON:

Gentlemen—I can substantiate all the facts contained in the above certificate. The physician who attended the person previous to the use of the Alterative, informed me that hereafter he would cheerfully recommend your medicine in cases of this kind.

Yours, respectfully,
WM. VOJENITZ, Agent.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the country. my22-3t

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired Gentleman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of nervous suffering, will send (free) to assist others, a copy of the prescription and a supply of the remedy, on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 186 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. ap17-8t

## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER

No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

| | Bid. | Asked. | | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| LOANS. | | | Phil Gas & Nav | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| U S 6 pr ct '62 | 104 | — | Reading | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| " " '67 | 114 | — | Minehill | 52 | 52½ |
| " " '68 | 114 | — | Har & Lan | 55 | 56½ |
| " 5 " '65 | 102½ | — | Ches Val | 3½ | 4 |
| Phila 6 pr ct | 97½ | 98 | Tioga | — | — |
| " " new | 102½ | 103 | " preferred | — | — |
| " 5 " | 83 | — | P W & Balt | 31½ | 32 |
| Cam City 6 pr ct | 82 | — | Long Island | 11½ | 11¾ |
| Pitts 6 pr ct | — | — | Will'sport & Elm | 11 | 11½ |
| " " coupon | — | — | Cattawissa | 6½ | 7½ |
| All'gy City 6 pr ct | — | — | CANAL STOCKS. | | |
| " County " | — | — | Sch Nav | 8½ | 9 |
| All'gy co R R 6's | 60 | — | " preferred | 13½ | 14 |
| Penn | | | Lehigh Nav | 50 | 50½ |
| " 5 " | 89½ | 90½ | Morris Consol'd | 40 | 45 |
| " " coupon | 92½ | 94 | " preferred | 99½ | 99½ |
| Tenn 6 pr ct | 86½ | 86¾ | C & Del | 40 | 45 |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | 102 | 103 | Union | 4 | 5 |
| Missouri 6's | 84 | 84½ | Sus & Tidewater | — | 5 |
| Penn R R 6 pr ct | 99½ | — | BANK STOCKS. | | |
| 2d m't loan '43 | 84½ | 85½ | North Amer | 139 | 139½ |
| C & Am R R 6 pr ct | 79 | 80 | Phila | 108½ | 109 |
| P G & N R R " | 84½ | — | Far & Mec | 57 | 58 |
| Reading R R " | 74½ | 75 | Commercial | 43½ | 46 |
| " " m'rt " | 80 | 81 | N Liberty | 54 | |
| " " " 6 pr ct '86 | 63½ | 63 | Mechanics | 26½ | 26½ |
| Lehigh Val 6's | 88½ | 90 | Southwark | 70 | — |
| Cata Val R R " | 30 | 38 | P Township | 34 | 36 |
| Tioga R R | 60 | — | Kensington | 56½ | — |
| Phil Wil & Bal '86 R R 6 pr ct | 97½ | 98½ | Girard | 10½ | 10½ |
| Long I R R " | 76 | 78 | Western | 58 | 60 |
| Sch Nav '82 " | 66 | 68 | Man & Mech | 24½ | 28 |
| Lehigh Nav " | 93½ | 95 | Commerce | 60 | 65 |
| Mort " | 98½ | 97½ | Tradesman's | [illegible] | |
| C & D Cl " | 79 | 82 | City | [illegible] | 44 |
| Sus & Tid '78 " | 54½ | 51 | Consolidation | 23 | 23½ |
| Union Canal | 36 | 37 | Commonwealth | 18 | [illegible] |
| Will'ms & Elmira 1st m'rt 7 pr ct | 80 | 82½ | Corn Exchange | — | — |
| 2d " 7 pr ct | 58 | [illegible] | Pittsburg | 56 | 58 |
| Catawissa " | 42 | 42½ | M & M Pitts | 62 | 63 |
| North Pa 6 pr ct | 56½ | 57 | Ex'ge Pitts | 54 | — |
| RAILROAD STOCK. | | | Kentucky | 112 | 113½ |
| Cam & Amboy | 84½ | 85 | Northern Ky | 117 | — |
| Penna | 41 | 42½ | Louisville, Ky | 114 | — |
| Bea Meadow | 64½ | 64½ | Farmers, Ky | 112 | — |
| North Penna | 9½ | 9¾ | Union, Nash, Tenn | — | — |
| | | | Plant's, Tenn | 100 | — |
| | | | Com & R Vick | [illegible] | — |
| | | | N O Gas Lt | [illegible] | — |

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL T. HALL, to Miss ANNA M. PRESS, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. David Magill, Mr. DAVID LOGAN, to Miss SARAH SMITH, both of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Bomberger, Mr. J. B. BILHEIMER, of Butztville, Northampton county, to Miss URSULA A. HACKMAN, of the same county.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. G. A. Durborow, Mr. JOHN HACKETT, to Miss MARGARET B. HOPKINS, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, D. D., HENRY M. GORDON, to MARIA CAPPS, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. JOSEPH BANNETER, to Miss ELIZA M. AUBDECK, both of Chester county.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. S. Durborow, Mr. ROBERT H. BURNS, of Columbia, to Miss FRANCES A. VALENTINE, daughter of Harrison Valentine, of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JOHN TIBBEN, to Miss ANNA B. McCURA.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Germantown, on the 22d ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE C. WEAVER.

On the 23d ultimo, CAROLINE M. wife of John K. Dougherty.

On the 23d ultimo, THOMAS W. DORFF, aged 39.

On the 23d ultimo, ISABELLA C. TATEM, aged 35.

On the 23d ultimo, ANN JAMES, aged 52 years.

On the 24th ultimo, HARRIET J. MARVEL, aged 28.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. LETICHER SYMINGTON, aged 25 years.

On the 22d ultimo, AVERY TORRY, aged 31 years.

On the 22d ultimo, MARY MARGARET, wife of Herman Poble.

On the 23d ultimo, MARY JANE, wife of John A. Stewart, aged 28 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. MARY LEWIS, aged 93.

On the 22d ultimo, MARY OTT, aged 89 years.

On the 22d ultimo, THOMAS ELLIOTT, aged 74.

On the 23d ultimo, MARY ANN, daughter of the late Jacob Painter, aged 25 years.

On the 23d ultimo, JAMES T. son of H. M. and the late Timothy C. Raymond, aged 28 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM, aged 69 years.

On the 21st ultimo, JOHN CAREY, aged 39 years.

### $100 A MONTH.

AGENTS ARE MAKING THIS AMOUNT in selling OUR CHEAP EDITION of "*LIVINGSTONE'S SIXTEEN YEARS IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.*"

Our Circular, with particulars of Agency and Notices of the Press is sent *free*.

A specimen copy of the Book sent, free of postage, on receipt of the price, $1,25.

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia,
my29-tf Pennsylvania.

### GROVER & BAKER'S

CELEBRATED

### FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,

730 Chestnut St., Philadelphia,
18 SUMMER ST., BOSTON,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for Family sewing, making a new, strong, and elastic stitch, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. Circulars sent on application by letter. Agents wanted. my8-13t

### BOOK AGENTS!

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and *Superbly Colored Plates.* For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau St., N. Y.; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

JOHN O. MEAD & SONS,
Manufacturers of
SILVER PLATED WARE
OF RICHEST PATTERNS,
Equal in Finish and Style
TO SOLID SILVER,
North-East Corner Ninth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. my1-13t

YOU CAN BE CURED of SALT RHEUM, PILES, CANCER, SCROFULA, TETTER, TUMORS AND ALL DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND BLOOD. *No Cure, no Pay.* DR BOYNTON possesses the only known remedy that will permanently cure these obstinate diseases. The most skillful Physicians have failed and are now sending for this medicine to cure themselves and patients. They testify that it cures in every case, no matter how bad or of how long standing. To those that have given themselves up as incurable, after having tried a score of infallible remedies, I will say—*You can be cured.* I am constantly curing just such cases, and can cure you. Charges for a cure from $5 to $10. No pay required until the patient is satisfied of a permanent cure, except a small charge to defray expense of sending medicines. Address DR. S. A. BOYNTON,
1t Box 139 Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!! AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.—Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. It has no equal on earth. No mother who has ever tried Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children will ever consent to let her child pass through the distressing and critical period of teething without the aid of this invaluable preparation. If life and health can be estimated by dollars and cents it is worth its weight in gold.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and vigor to the whole system.

It will almost instantly relieve griping in the bowels, and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in Children, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause.

Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

☞ None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

☞ Sold by Druggists throughout the world. my8-13t

### HUSBAND'S
### CALCINED MAGNESIA

Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

*A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS* have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers generally, and by the manufacturer,
mh6-tf THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philada.

MONUMENTAL MARBLE WORKS.—The Subscriber will dispose of, at reduced prices, the entire stock of Iron Monuments, Statuary, Head and Foot-stones, &c., &c., at the Marble-Yard, 1825 Arch St., west of 18th.
my29-4t WM. H. MOORE.

200 YOUNG MEN WANTED—To engage in an easy, respectable and genteel business, that you are sure to make from $10 to $70 a month and all expenses. For particulars address, with stamp to pay return letter,
1t S. N. BAKER & CO., Wilton, N. H.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

"*The Union of Hands, but not of Hearts*"

### ARTHUR'S
### NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STORY.
### THE HAND, BUT NOT THE HEART;
OR,
### LIFE-TRIALS OF JESSIE LORING.
BY
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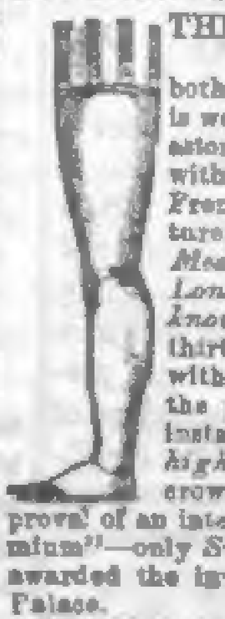

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# Wit and Humor.

## MR. BLIFKIN'S BABY.

That first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world," as the late W. Shakspeare has it, he took command in our house. Everything was subservient to him. The baby was the balance wheel that regulated everything. He regulated the temperature, he regulated the food, he regulated the servants, he regulated me. For the first six months of that precious existence he had me up on an average six times a night. "Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "bring that light here, do; the baby looks strangely; I'm so afraid it will have a fit!" Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist like a little white bear, as he was. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "I think I feel a draught of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get sick." Nothing was the matter with the window, as I knew very well. "Mr. Blifkins," says my wife just as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in baby's eyes—strange that you have no more consideration." I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep again, "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "did you think to buy that broma to-day for the baby?" "My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?" She apologised very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scape goat. I forgave her, and without saying a word more to her I addressed myself to sleep. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so, you will wake the baby." "Just so—just so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "will you get up and hand me the warm gruel from the nurse lamp for baby?—the dear child! if it wasn't for his mother I don't know what he would do. How can you sleep so, Mr Blifkins?" "I suspect, my dear," said I, "that it is because I am tired." "Oh, it's very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife; "I don't know what you would say if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby." I tried to soothe her by telling her she had no patience at all, and got up for the posset. Having aided in answering the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping. "Mr. Blifkins," said she in a louder key. I said nothing. "Oh, dear!" said that estimable woman, in great apparent anguish, "how can a man, who has arrived at the honor of a live baby of his own, sleep, when he don't know that the dear creature will live till morning!" I remained silent, and, after a while, deeming that Mrs. Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose. How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious jab in the forehead by some sharp instrument. I started up, and Mrs. Blifkins was sitting up in the bed adjusting some portion of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for the pillow, which she customarily used for a nocturnal pincushion. I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms, pointing to several perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly bear such trifling things for the sake of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty as a parent to that young immortal required the surrender of my forehead for a pincushion. This was one of many nights passed in this way. The truth was that the baby was what every other man's first baby is, an autocrat—absolute and unlimited. Such was the story of Blifkins as he related it to us the other day. It is a little exaggerated picture of almost every man's experience.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

A Real Native.—The ignorance of this country among otherwise well-informed English folks was curiously illustrated in the case of General W——, (a good fellow, but bogus general,) who visited England a few years ago. Having occasion to pass a few days in a provincial town, which boasted its literary coterie, he received an invitation through an acquaintance from Miss Blue Stocking to attend a *soiree*. The general of course went, and being a fine, handsome, agreeable fellow, he was quite a lion.

In the course of the evening, Miss Blue, who had managed to secure his undivided attention, tapped him playfully with her fan, and said: "Do you know that you are a naughty man?" [illegible] for deceiving us all so; but I shan't tell on you, of course; only every one in the room has not seen so much as I." The general became nervous and thought, of course, that he must have committed some terrible *faux pas*; but as the lady seemed kind and forgiving, he determined to probe the matter. "My dear lady, I am very sorry if I have been guilty of any dereliction; do tell me, that I may apologise!" "Oh!" said Miss Blue, "it's only *pretending to be an American!*" "*Pretending* to be an American! But I am an American, madam." "Yes; perhaps you live there; but you are not a native, you know." "On my honor, madam, a real live native of the great State of New York. "That will do for the company to think, general," said the literary lady, "and of course I shall not undeceive them; but you must know I had a very distinguished American gentleman, who was a native, to lunch with me this morning, and I was so sorry I could not have him to meet you to-night; but he was not at all like you. [illegible] raven hair curled in such beautiful ringlets around his head, and his complexion was [illegible]—very dark—a perfect Othello of a fel[illegible]."

"A *nigger!*" thought the general; and begging our lady not to expose his little ruse, in trying to pass off for an American, he got into a corner and enjoyed his laugh.

☞ A certain young clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary of a contrary character, in a public assembly, and in a tone sufficient to catch the attention of the whole company, "How it happened that the patriarchs lived to such an old age?" To which he immediately replied, "Perhaps they took no physic." The apothecary was vanquished.

## JERROLDIANA.

The following are among Douglas Jerrold's pithy sayings:—

"What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows. They are treated badly enough as it is, but if they could not cry when they liked, how they would be put upon—what poor, defenceless creatures they would be!

"Nature has been very kind to them. Next to the rhinoceros, there is nothing in the world armed like a woman. And she knows it."

—Out of which follows this advice to married ladies:

"Cultivate your nerves. You can't pet them too much. Something will always be happening in the house, and, unless your husband be worse than a stone, every new fright will be as good as a new gown or a new trinket to you. There are some domestic wounds only to be healed by the jeweler."

"When some women get talking, they club all their husbands' faults together; just as children club their cakes and apples, to make a common feast for the whole set."

He says of an honest Benedict:

"He loved his wife in a plain, straightforward fashion; and as he was never lavishly tender to her before company, there is the greatest reason to believe that he was neither savage nor silent to her when alone. For some married folks will keep their love like their jewelry, for the eyes of the world; thinking it too fine and too precious to wear every day at their fireside."

Of homely beauty:

"Patty would never have been beautiful; born in down, and fed upon the world's honeydew, she would have passed for nothing handsome; but she had in her countenance that kind of plainness to my mind better than any beauty Heaven has yet fashioned. Her sweet, gentle, thin face trembled with sensibility that sent its riches to her eyes, glittering for a moment there beyond all worth of diamonds. From earliest childhood she was made to read the hardest words—want, poverty—in the iron book of daily life; and the early teaching had given to her face a look of years beyond her age. With her, daily misery had anticipated time."

What a fine thought is this, on the mind of childhood!

"Is not the mind of childhood the tenderest, holiest thing this side of Heaven? Is it not to be approached with gentleness, with love—yes, with a heart-worship of the great God from whom, in almost angel-innocence, it has proceeded! A creature undefiled by the taint of the world—unvexed by its injustice—unwearied by its hollow pleasures. A being fresh from the source of light, with something of its universal lustre in it? If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that, in its onward growth, it shall be no other? To stand as a watcher at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter it."

And this, on a command reversed:

"'And God said, Let us make man in our image.'

"What a fine creature is man, so long as he always has these words before his eyes, and so tries to do nothing but what shall be some way worthy of his likeness! To do this is to make the world a pleasant place, and to have every body happy about us. 'And God said, Let us make man in our image!' This is beautiful: but it is sad—it is melancholy work, when man says, 'Let us make God in our image.'"

What a trenchant sarcasm it was, when he said of a fawning fellow, whom he calls a posture-master, "his principal feat was the snake trick; *whenever his other tricks failed, he began to creep—and success was certain.*"

Sadly true is this paragraph on the slippery path of life:

"How few there are who, starting in youth, animated by great motives, do not at thirty seem to have suffered a 'second fall!' What angel-purposes did they woo—and what hag-realities have they married! What Rachels have they thought to serve for—and what Leahs has the morning dawned upon!"

And what a world of quaint wisdom is in this little fancy:

"There are hearts all the better for keeping; they become mellower, and more worth a woman's acceptance than the crude, unripe things too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them."

Speaking of an Anglo French alliance, he said:

"The best thing I know between France and [illegible] law, "It's a pretty bird, and has charming wings; 'twould be quite a bird of paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill;" of a scoundrel, "He'd sharpen a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother."

"Whatever dirty-shirted philosophers may say to the contrary, flattery is a fine, social thing; the beautiful handmaid of life, casting flowers and odoriferous herbs in the paths of men, who, crushing out the sweets, curl up their noses as they snuff the odor, and walk half an inch higher to Heaven by what they tread upon."

"Work for ready money. Take no bill upon posterity; in the first place, there are many chances against its being paid; and in the next, if it be duly honored, the cost may be laid out on some piece of bronze or marble of not the slightest value to the original."

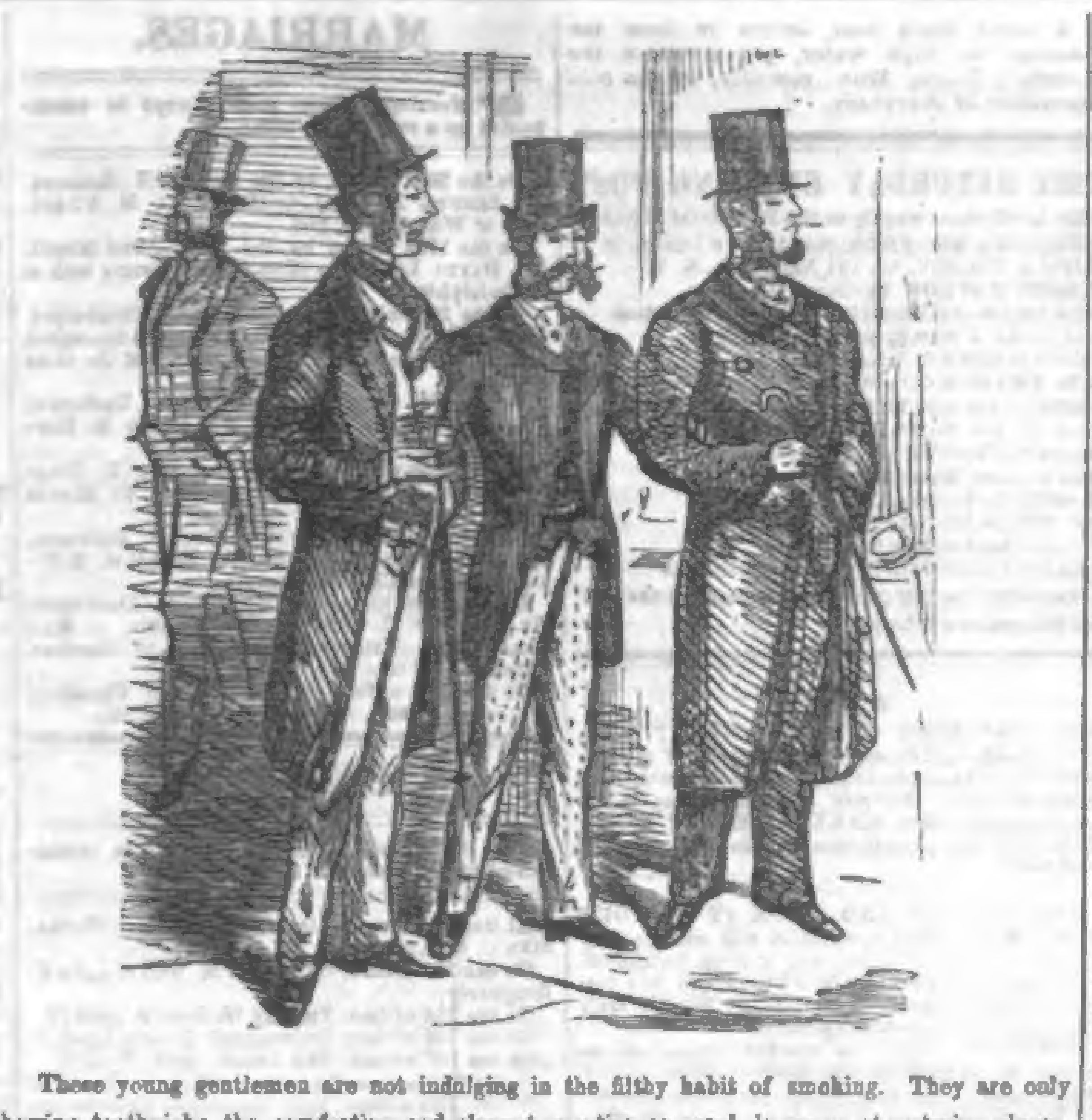
A very popular medical gentleman called on Jerrold one day. When the visiter was about to leave, Jerrold, looking from his library window, espied his friend's carriage, attended by servants in flaming liveries.

Jerrold. "What, doctor, I see your livery is measles turned up with scarlet fever!"

Jerrold and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece. Jerrold, telling the story many years after, said, "But a shower of rain came on and washed all the Greece out of us."

A certain sharp attorney was said to be in bad circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said, "Have you heard about poor R——? His business is going to the devil."

Jerrold. "That's all right; then he's sure to get it back again."



These young gentlemen are not indulging in the filthy habit of smoking. They are only chewing toothpicks, the comforting and elegant practice so much in vogue at watering places.

The Faulty Portrait.—A man, aged about forty, had been sitting to a miniature painter—one of as little pretensions as you can well imagine; you would have thought it impossible that he could have had an homœopathic proportion of vanity—of personal vanity, at least; but it turned out otherwise. He was described as a greasy, bilious man, with a peculiar affected aspect—that is one that affects gravity and love

"Well, sir," said the painter, "that will do, I think. I have been very fortunate in your likeness."

The man looks at it and says nothing—puts on an expression of disappointment.

"What! don't you think it like, sir?" says the artist.

"Why—ye-es, it is li-ke—but—"

"But what, sir? I think it is exactly like. I wish you would tell me where it is not like?"

"Why, I'd rather you should find it out yourself. Have the goodness to look at me."

And here my friend the painter declared that he put on a most detestably affected grin of amiability.

"Well, sir, upon my word, I don't see any fault at all—it seems to me as like as it can be; I wish you'd be so good as to tell me what you mean?"

"Oh, sir, I'd rather not—I'd rather you should find it out yourself—looking at me."

"I can't see any difference, sir; so if you don't tell me it can't be altered."

"Well, then, with reluctance, if I must tell you, I don't think you have given me *my sweet expression about the eyes.*"—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Hints to Married Men.—Peppergrass says that if he stays out late at night, and wishes to avoid scolding or a curtain lecture from Mrs. P., he generally waits out to the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," when the anger of his better half subsides into fears for his personal safety. He goes out "on business," with a promise to be home at nine. Half-past nine, Mrs. P. uneasy; ten, positively enraged, and rehearses to herself an address for Peppergrass's especial edification, filled with cutting reproaches; eleven, vague uneasiness, accompanied by an indefinite fear that "something must have happened;" half past eleven, nervous apprehension—tears take the place of withering glances; twelve o'clock, unendurable suspense—if she only knew the worst! one o'clock, is completely worked up, has the "conniption," and is about going off the handle, when Peppergrass arrives; throws herself into his arms, overjoyed to see him, as she "was so afraid some accident must have happened to him."

# Agricultural.

Sheep Tic Destroyer.—Many of my neighbors, in order to free their sheep and lambs of that disgusting and troublesome insect, the "tick," apply spirits of turpentine, which is a most weakening application, and although effectual in removing the evil, it injures the animal almost as much as would the evil itself, if not removed. My plan is to give my lambs, after shearing the sheep, a thorough washing in New England rum—a liquid which, while it almost instantaneously destroys the "tick," leaves the animals bright and live, without any subsequent depression or loss of energy and health. This is by no means an expensive application—two gallons of good liquor, worth forty cents per gallon—being enough for fifty lambs, if properly applied. No tick can exist in a lock of wool which has been thoroughly wet in this rum, or any other distilled liquor. Alcohol, in a concentrated state, is sure death to the insect.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Salt for Quince Trees.—The Quince Tree seems to have a constitutional fondness for salt. We have never seen, says the Horticulturist, such superb specimens of fruit, and such a general luxuriance of the trees, as at Newport, R. I., on the sea coast. A gentleman who noticed this fact several years ago, told us lately that he had profited by the hint, in giving to each of his trees a top-dressing of two quarts of coarse salt every spring. By scattering the salt over the surface it dissolves slowly, and does no harm whatever to the roots, but makes both foliage and fruit much more healthy.

Fattening Beef on Potatoes.—About twelve years ago I fattened a heifer for beef wholly on potatoes. My plan was to feed small potatoes whole, without cooking, with as much hay as wanted, and but little water, and I had as good beef as those fattened on corn meal.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

## PHOSPHORIC ACID.

In the Zuyder Zee lands, in Holland, there are five tons of phosphoric acid to the acre. This is far above the average of what are called good wheat lands. This phosphoric acid is found in combination with lime, or some other substance, in all plants and all animals; showing its necessity for the existence of animal and vegetable life.

Every one hundred bushels of wheat taken from a farm, and sold off from it, removes permanently from the soil on which it grew, sixty pounds of phosphoric acid—and every cow removes twelve pounds. In the ashes of wheat there are forty-six parts of phosphoric acid; in the ashes of a ton of clover eighteen pounds, and an acre of oats takes twenty-two pounds.

By this a farmer can see how fast he is diminishing the fertility of his soil.

If all our lands were as rich in phosphoric acid as the Zuyder Zee lands, we might trust luck, as it would not all be exhausted in our day, and our children may take care of themselves. But so far from this being the case, much of our soil contains not over one part of phosphorus, in a soluble condition fit for the use of plants, in 5,000. This would be only one ton to five acres.

As plants and animals cannot exist without it, let our farmers be careful and not waste it. —*Ohio Farmer.*

To Manage a Rearing Horse.—Whenever you perceive a horse's inclination to rear, separate your reins and prepare for him. The instant he is about to rise, slacken one hand, and bend or twist his head with the other, keeping your hands low. This bending compels him to move a hind leg, and of a necessity, bring his fore feet down. Instantly twist him completely round, two or three times, which will confuse him very much, and completely throw him off his guard. The moment you have finished twisting him round, place his head in the direction you wish to proceed, apply the spurs, and he will not fail to go forward. If the situation be convenient, press him into a gallop, and apply the whip and spurs two or three times severely. The horse will not, perhaps, be quite satisfied with the defeat, but may feel disposed to try again for the mastery. Should this be the case, you have only to twist him, etc., as before, and you will find that in the second struggle he will be more easily subdued than on the former occasion; in fact, you will see him quail under the operation. It rarely happens that a rearing horse, after having been treated in the way described, will resort to this trick a third time.—*British Sportsman.*

Fruit Trees.—There is a practice among the *Swiss* and Germans of boring into the ground among the roots of fruit trees, (with an instrument made for the purpose,) and pouring in liquid manure to force the tree forward, and also enable it to resist the drought of dry weather. I have practiced this for four years with some fine Seckel pears, in dry land, with good success. Avoid this after September first, as it will induce a second growth late in the fall, which will be quite irregular and very liable to be winter-killed. The instrument I use is the common iron bar, which can be driven in among the roots without injury. Take for a wash, (as I buy no "special" manures,) to three-fourths of a barrel of water, four quarts of ashes, two quarts of lime, two shovelsfull of night soil—stir up well, and pour into holes made as above, what the tree requires. Soap-suds are capital for this purpose. —*Rural New Yorker.*

Grubs and Wire Worms in Corn Fields. —Sward land, ploughed in the Spring for Corn, is often found filled with worms which are sure to make great havoc with the seed unless they are exterminated. The following is an excellent remedy: After turning under the sod, sow broadcast a bushel and a-half of fine salt to the acre, and harrow it in, following with the roller. Soak the seed in tepid water about eighteen hours. Dissolve two ounces of sal ammoniac and add it to the water. This amount will answer for a bushel of seed. Plant the corn soon after sowing the salt. The seed will germinate quickly and the plants will come forward at once. Between the salt and the ammonia, the corn will suffer little from the worms.—*Agriculturist.*

Agitating Plants.—It is a remarkable fact, according to "the chemistry of the world," that trees which are regularly shaken every day in the green-house, grow more rapidly and are stronger than others which are kept unagitated.

## IN-AND-IN BREEDING.

After some delay, the subject of "In-and-in Breeding" is again resumed. Having already referred to Col. Jacques, and his experimenting on this subject with his "Cream-pots," it is deemed both entertaining and demonstrative to allude still further to the Colonel's experimenting on this subject.

Being fond of fox-hunting in his early life, he procured for that purpose the best and strongest scented hounds he could obtain, and by breeding in-and-in he greatly improved this quality. No deterioration followed, because he bred only from the best, holding that good qualities are not less transmissable than bad. He tried rabbits, and was successful with them.—He also demonstrated, by actual experiments, that "he could breed rabbits to order;" that is to say, with reference to color. The fecundity of this species soon enabled him to compass his desired results.

He commenced the further testing of this principle with a pair of geese many years ago, and by breeding "in-and-in," has increased their average weight about four pounds per goose. With barnyard fowls he demonstrated the same results with regard to "breeding to order" as with the rabbits, as stated.

Thus is the old Colonel, after the experience of a long life—he being now more than fourscore—fully confirmed in the opinion derived from much careful experimenting and observation, that "breeding in-and-in," that is to say, breeding from animals of the same parentage, is the best way of propagating improved stock of every domestic species and variety. He prefers this to "breeding in the line," as it is called, that is to say, from animals of the same variety but of different parentage, the latter being deemed by many, however, the better way, and the only one they will employ.

The Colonel relates an interesting conversation between himself and Prof. Agassiz, on this subject. The Professor having heard of the Colonel and his experiments of "in-and-in breeding," visited him to converse with him on the subject. After hearing the Colonel relate the results of his experience with cattle, sheep, and fowls, the Professor remarked, that though this be true of the lower orders of animals, it is not so of the human species. What and where do you find exceptions? says the Colonel. The Professor immediately referred to the royal families of England and Europe.—Here deterioration is apparent to every observer. Yes, said the Colonel, but my word for it, if you will trace back a little, you will find some diseased, profligate kings or nobles, thus clearly demonstrating the doctrine that bad blood—bad qualities—are transmissable as well as good. Where did you get these notions? inquired the learned Professor. By observing Nature, responded the Colonel. I observed the oak, and other trees and plants, and noticed that Nature propagated only from the best. So of buffalo, wild horses, and throughout the zoological kingdom. The strongest males drive away the feebler at the time of breeding; hence the vigor and health of the offspring. I did not get these views from reading books, said the Colonel, as there was never a cent of money spent for my education. Well, said the Professor, on taking leave of the old patriarch, I will see you again on this matter.

Thus is it demonstrated, that if men would observe and study the volume of Nature more, and the noted observations of authors as recorded in books less, they would become more learned and wiser. Traditions, whether written or coming down from former generations, really have an almost omnipotent power over the minds of men, shaping often, essentially, their views and theories concerning both nature and art. Use the books made by the best authors to aid you in the investigations of Nature's laws, but do not fail to observe for yourselves, and see whether these are correct translations.

Inquiries have been received from the West concerning Colonel Jaques's "Cream pots," whether he can furnish them for breeders in Kentucky, &c. The Colonel would respectfully inform such inquirers that he has none now for sale.

Another inquiry, "What are the characteristics that mark and distinguish this breed of cattle?" They may be denominated a variety of the Short Horn family, improved and bred with special reference to the dairy, work and the shambles. The extraordinary milking qualities of the dam of this family, whose pedigree was unknown, have made them superior to the Short Horns, besides being more hardy and better adapted to New England and the Western States. The Colonel's stock bears a strong resemblance to the Durhams, and are all a beautiful mahogany red, a color that is very popular with the farmers in Massachusetts.—Columella, *in Country Gentleman.*

Maggot in Cabbage Plants—Bugs on Vines.—Is there anything that will prevent or destroy the maggot in cabbages? Last spring I transplanted several hundred cabbages from my hot-bed, and in a short time they would turn yellow and die. I found at the roots a lot of little maggots.

I have heard much complaint about bugs among vines, especially the striped bug. Prevention is better than cure. I will tell you how I stop their ravages. In the fall of 1855, I raked up all the rubbish of my garden, including squash and cucumber vines, and burnt them; the next spring I found no bugs on my vines, while my neighbors' were destroyed. I have practiced it since, and have not been troubled except now and then by a stray one from my neighbors' gardens.—*N. E. Farmer.*

An Old Anecdote Corrected.—Sir Walter Scott and his lady, it is said, were one day walking across a common. It chanced that near them some lambs were skipping and playing most delightfully. Scott remarked, "what a charming sight," observing at the same time that the poets had always most appropriately taken the lamb as the emblem of innocence. "Yes," said his wife, "I was always very fond of them—*with mint sauce.*" This story rests I know not on what authority, but it was told to show how utterly uncongenial were the tastes of Sir Walter Scott and his lady. It is evident, however, that what she said, (if she ever said it,) was meant only as a joke—the love of which, as is well known, was a prominent trait in her character.

# The Riddler.

### BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 47 letters.

My 8, 15, 16, was a celebrated Pope of Rome.

My 11, 19, 29, 6, 3, was a celebrated English humorist.

My 4, 19, 18, 38, 47, was an early settler of Kentucky.

My 30, 24, 21, 1, 40, 31, is an eminent American statesman.

My 9, 22, 12, 5, 16, 23, was a King of England.

My 2, 34, 12, 26, was a British General in America in time of the Revolution.

My 25, 36, 41, 15, 17, 10, 21, was a noted Archbishop of Cambray.

My 3, 37, 45, 31, 3, was an eminent English Scripture commentator.

My 4, 16, 35, 30, 10, 42, was the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean

My 21, 8, 12, 7, 18, 41, was an eminent English philosopher.

My 14, 20, 33, 43, 44, 21, is an eminent American statesman.

My 23, 15, 27, 31, 3, was an ambassador to France in time of the Revolution.

My 2, 37, 8, 17, was an eminent English painter.

My 13, 17, 30, 16, 15, 22, was the wisest of English kings.

My 33, 20, 28, 46, 10, 21, is an eminent Virginia lawyer.

My whole was an event that caused both joy and sorrow to the European powers, and happened within the present century. P. B. R.

Meadows of Dan, Va.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* perhaps will make you laugh,—
Perchance 'twill make you cry;
But this I'll say in your behalf,
I hope 'twont make you die.

If you should ever take my *whole*,
My *second* you will do;
For if you don't—upon my soul,—
I think your course you'll rue.

My *third's* composed of letters three,
'Tis mostly a prefix;
If it alone you cannot see,
You must be "goot for nix."

My *whole's* a very useful thing,
'Tis liked by great and small;
And often it doth pleasure bring
When twilight shadows fall.

GAHMEW.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first's* often heard in battle,
When clash both sword and shield;
'Tis found upon the cattle,—
That pasture in the field.

Where knowledge o'er the land is spread,
And science holds its sway,
There's where you'll find my *second* read,
On many a summer's day.

In ancient times my *whole* was used,
To teach the young to read;
But very oft 'twas much abused,
And they did not succeed.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

Erase my 1 and 3, and I am a covering for the head.

Erase my 2, 4, and 5, and I am a personal pronoun

Erase my 1, 4, and 5, and I am a personal pronoun.

Erase my 1 and 2, and I am that which all animals do.

Erase my 3, and I am an interrogative pronoun.

Erase my 1 and 2, and transpose, and I am a useful foreign plant.

My whole is much used as food, and is one of the staple products of many of the United States.

Tiffin, Ohio. J. W. CRAMER.

### ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

If I be clean.
At top nest.
Nip nose.
Green soap.
Aim at inn.
Sult more.
In poor tea.
Pa, I clap it on.
Leap, Citcy.
Rest in cite.
Heat rent.
Zent rain.

### ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B engage to reap a field of wheat; and agreed to finish it in a certain time. A could reap it alone in [illegible] of the time required by B to reap it alone. B proved to be a very inefficient hand; and, after they had labored [illegible] of the time required by A alone to reap the field, they were obliged to call in C to help them, in order that the job might be completed in the stipulated time. C's rate of working was such that, if he had wrought with them from the commencement, it would have been completed in 2-5 of the time, and B would only have reaped [illegible] of what C reaped after he was called in. In what time was it reaped, and in what time could each have reaped it alone?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What pupil is most to be pitied? Ans.—The pupil of the eye, for it is continually under the lash.

☞ What is the difference between a ship and a hen? Ans.—The hen lays *one* egg, and the ship *lays to.*

☞ Supposing a cow to be suddenly endowed with the power of verbal remonstrance while being uncomfortably milked by a herdsman named Richard, what Scriptural name would she pronounce? Ans.—*Milk-easy-Dick.*

☞ Which five names in early Scripture indicate the commencement of corporal punishment? Ans.—Adam, Seth, Eve, Cain, Abel.

☞ Why is mortar adhesive? Ans.—Because it is of a confiding nature, and imagining that every object is a "brick," it will attach itself to anything.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Self-preservation is the first law of nature. ENIGMA—Look before you leap, think before you speak. CHARADE—Snow-Drop. CHARADE—Fire-Bell. CHARADE—Humbug. ANAGRAMS—Mobile, Allegheny, Reading, Fillmore City, Sacramento, Camden, Charleston, St. Paul, New Orleans, Baltimore, Chicago, Galveston, Pittsburg, Lancaster. MENTAL ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—Adam gave 6 cts., Benjamin gave 36 cts., Cas[illegible] gave [illegible] cts., boy received 90 cts.